

The Elks Magazine

WESTERN EDITION
OCTOBER, 1934



RONALD
MCLEOD

Courtney Ryley Cooper ~ Jay Lucas ~ Samuel Crowther



"IT WAS BACK IN '65"



NO year in history is quite so momentous to these old soldiers as 1865.

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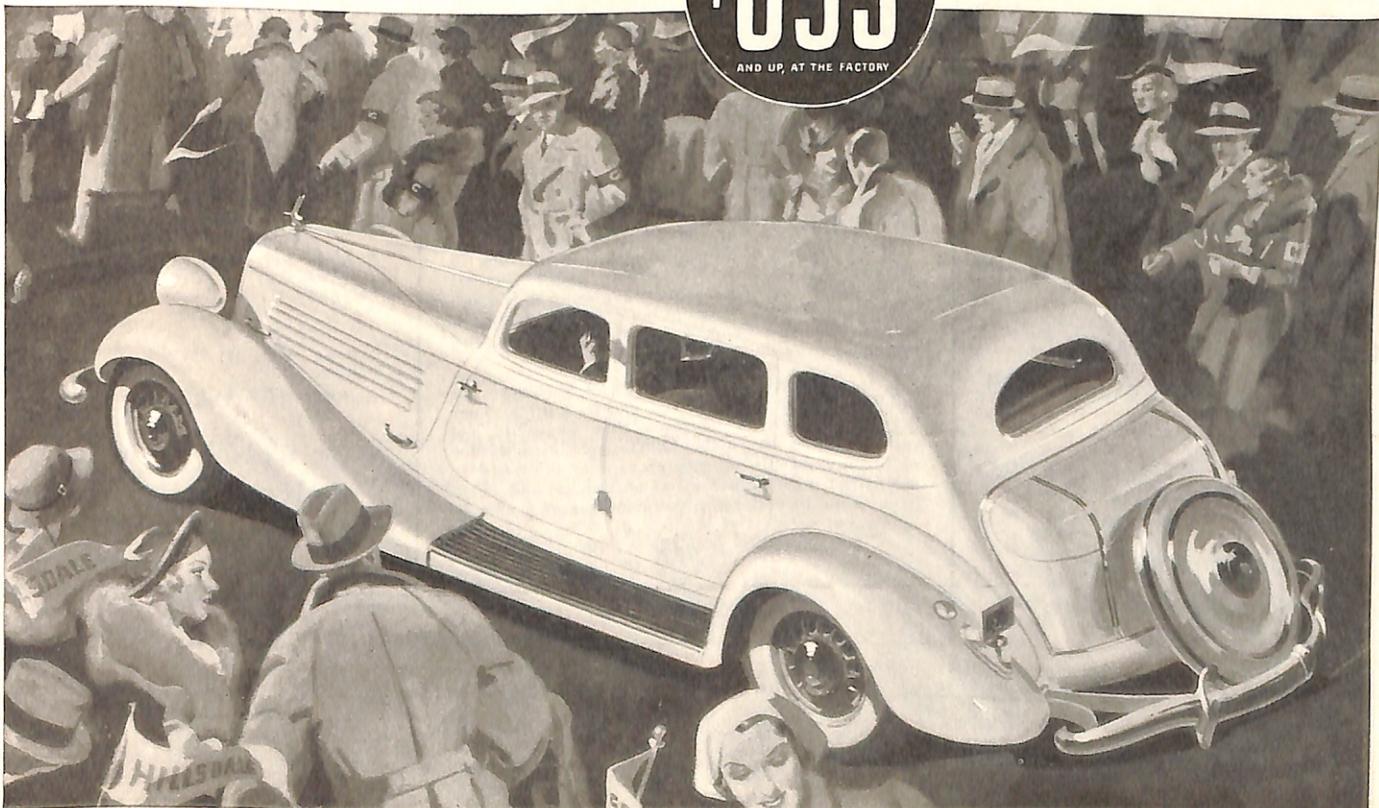
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The Elks Magazine

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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OCTOBER, 1934

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This Month

THIS month an old favorite returns to the fiction pages of THE ELKS MAGAZINE—Courtney Ryley Cooper whose story, "Smoke Screen," starts on page 15. Famous for his glamorous stories and articles of circus and animal life, this versatile writer recently has been delving into a number of new fields. The municipal fire department is one of them, and with this as his colorful background he has succeeded in creating in "Smoke Screen" a most entertaining romance.



Courtney Ryley Cooper

Next Month

ANOTHER author who has long been popular with the readers of this Publication will return to its pages next month. We refer to Jack O'Donnell whose sports articles have always enjoyed nationwide recognition. Turning now to the realm of fiction, he has written a thoroughly unique and powerful two-part story, "At Your Service."

It is a long time since THE ELKS MAGAZINE has published anything of a serial nature, but "At Your Service" proved so tempting that we could not resist it. It is a yarn about a happy-go-lucky soldier of fortune—of his adventures as a revolutionist in a Mexican military prison, of his release and subsequent experiences as the impersonator of a man he had never seen.



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Exalted Ruler Louis J. Euler of Los Angeles Lodge, welcomes the Grand Exalted Ruler home at the end of his strenuous three-week, 10,000-mile air journey

THE reception given Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon on August 27, marking his return to Los Angeles after his 10,000-mile trip covering District Deputy conferences, was probably the greatest demonstration ever accorded a Los Angeles citizen. Mr. Shannon, speaking in the Biltmore Bowl at a banquet in his honor, was given a thunderous ovation when he elaborated on his campaign to balk Communistic activities in the United States. More than 1,500 persons—civic leaders, public officials, and members of Elk Lodges from the entire Southwest—heard the Grand Exalted Ruler outline a definite program of pro-Americanism designed to stem the rising tide of Communism.

"I made a contract with 1,000 leaders at Kansas City, where I was elected to my present post, that so far as the Elks are concerned, this is a year of action," Mr. Shannon declared.

"It seemed the time had arrived. It no longer was sufficient to talk about love of institutions—it was time to act!"

"I talk to you as friends and neighbors. I have dedicated myself to combat a menace that now confronts our country, almost as serious as the World War."

Mr. Shannon quoted excerpts from the *Daily Worker*, Communistic organ in this country, in which Earl Browder, General Secretary of the American Section of

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Homecoming

the Communist Internationale, told a Youth Congress in New York:

"The only way out of the capitalistic crisis in America is by way of the October Revolution."

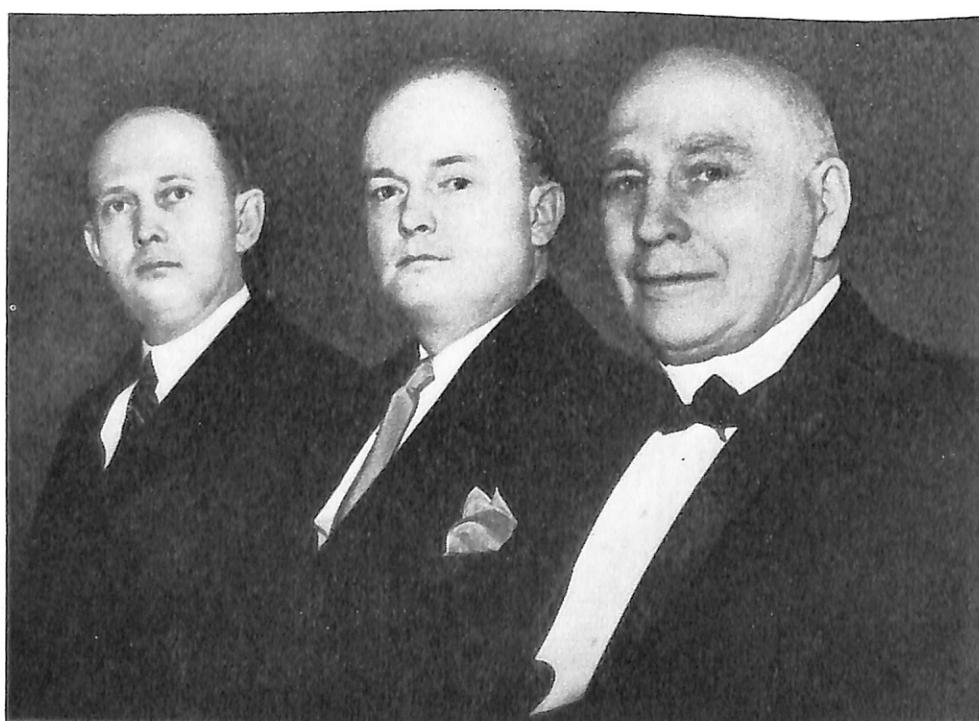
"The October Revolution—in which over 'two million human beings were liquidated' to use Stalin's own words!"

The Grand Exalted Ruler told how Communist leaders had revealed their real desires in strikes: "They said: 'We want to lose strikes, to bring about human misery, and thus revolution.'"

Mr. Shannon told how, by telegraph and telephone, he had organized his staff of 130 District Deputies on brief notice, and how they had outlined a program of regional conferences—to be held in the hearts of Communistic propaganda centers—there to awaken civic leaders to the need for a program of pro-Americanism. He charged that the groundwork for the textile and shoe strikes, which it was estimated would affect more than 750,000 laboring men and countless women and children, was laid months ago in New England and along the Atlantic seaboard by men whose only concern is the destruction of the United States Government.

The reception and banquet, a sparkling and spontaneous affair seldom paralleled in the history of Los Angeles, was arranged by a civic committee. Principal speakers at the banquet were Harry L. Harper, President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Mayor Frank L. Shaw of Los Angeles, Governor Frank F. Merriam of California and finally Mr. Shannon himself. George Breslin, a P.E.R. of Los Angeles Lodge, acted as Toastmaster.

Among the distinguished guests at the speakers' table were: Dr. Ralph Hagan, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, P.D.D. John J. Doyle; Associate Justice Ira Thompson of the State Supreme Court; Associate Justices Albert Lee Stephens and Walter Desmond of the Appellate Court; Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz; Isidore B. Dockweiler, Arthur M. Abbott, Dr. Frank F. Barham, Jonah Jones, Jr., Harry Chandler, Joe Scott, Everett W. Mattoon, Leroy Sanders, Dr. Ernest W. Fleming, Louis J. Euler, E.R., and Charles J. O'Hara, P.E.R., both of Los Angeles Lodge, and Col. Roscoe Turner and Clyde Pangborn who were the Grand Exalted Ruler's pilots on his aerial swing over the Nation.



Left to right: Mr. Shannon, George M. Breslin, Toastmaster, and Hon. Frank F. Merriam, Governor of California, at the welcoming dinner tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting, and forwarded to the

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9. Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



They're shoving Tony Jim ahead with his hands tied behind him, and that dirty little rat is jabbing him with his six-shooter

EDITOR, the Weekly —, Arizona:

I want to say that I took a lot of interest in them pieces you been running in the paper about the old-timers in this part of Arizona, and I want to thank you for the mighty nice things you said about me last week. I think you put it a mite too strong when you said I was one of the pioneer cattlemen of this country, for it was beginning to be sort of settled up when I come out from West Texas with what few head of cattle I had. And you got me mixed up with another man by the name of Bradford over in Sandy Valley; I sign my name just plain Dan and he is D. B. I never met him, but I hear his name is Dave.

I don't claim to be any hand at writing, but after that piece you had today about Tony Jim, the gunman you call him, I wouldn't be doing the right thing if I didn't set you straight as to how come he got lynched. What you said in the paper sure made me pretty hot when I read it first, but I got to thinking that it wasn't your fault if some one gave you the story wrong, and you say in the paper that you're always willing to correct mistakes you made. Tony Jim was a friend of mine, being as he rode for me about three years, and I was right there under the cottonwoods the day he was lynched, so I can tell you all about him and Lucy Blake.

What you say about Bob Cox, Tony Jim's pardner, don't miss it much, only that you don't say the half of it. You're putting it a lot too mild when you call him a dirty little cur. But you're sure wrong in saying that he was known as a hard drinker. I never saw him drunk once until that evening he put the rope around his pardner's neck and drug him up with his own horse. The reason Bob didn't drink was that Tony Jim always talked him out of it, and kept telling him what licker was doing to him, and that it likely would get him hung yet. Tony thought more of Bob than if he was his kid brother he had to look after, and he sure never thought he'd see the day when Bob would be leading the lynching and dragging him up with his own horse. It just goes to show what will happen when pardners want the same girl.

Copyright, 1934, by Jay Lucas

The of

I might let it go only for what you said about them Blake girls. You had no call to say that Lucy Blake was a wild, hard-boiled, reckless girl riding wild horses in men's clothes; a Calamity Jane of Arizona you called her. Lucy sure was a hand with a rope, and I've seen her top off some broncs that would have give many a cowboy a stiff ride. Not that

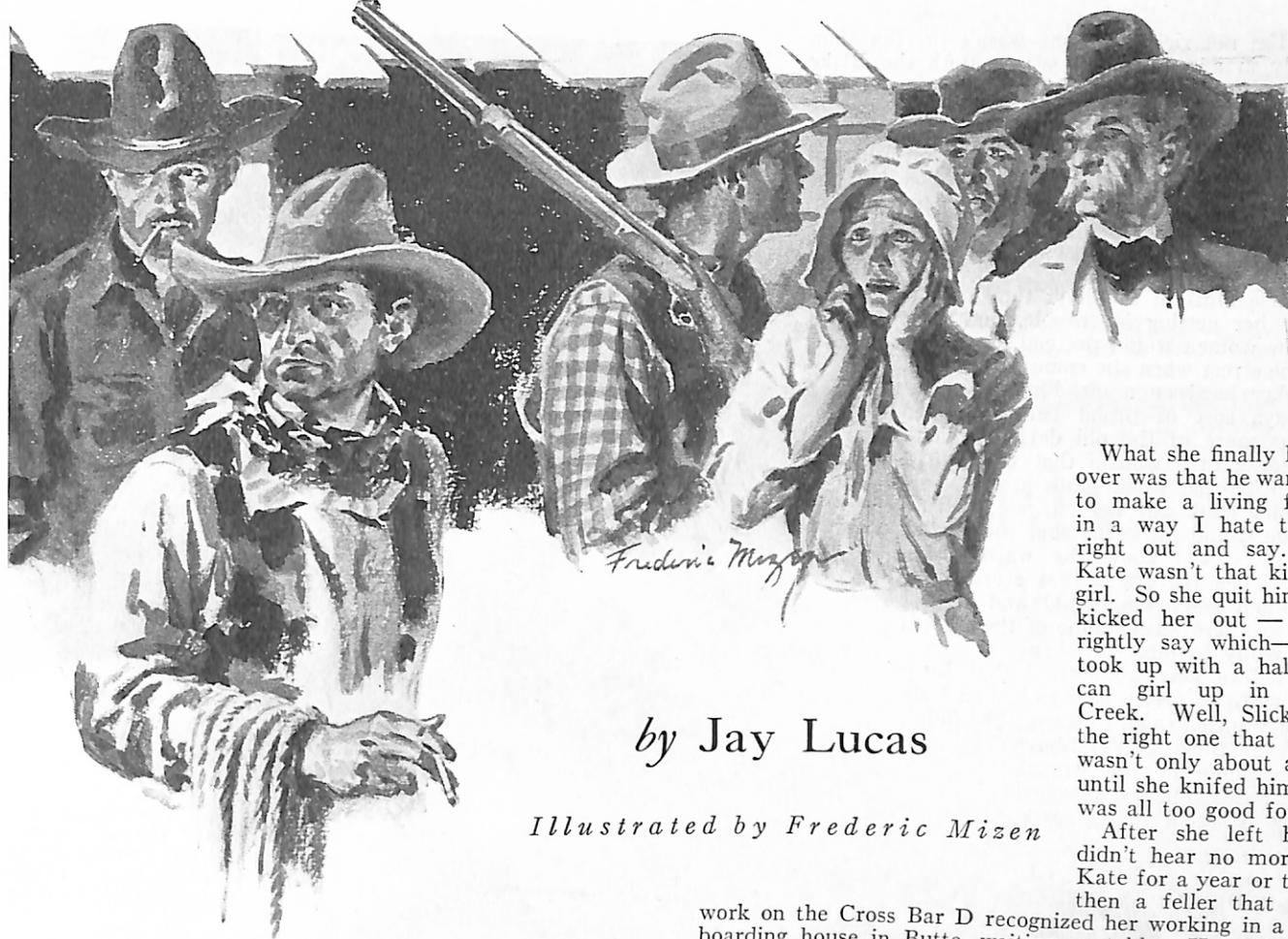
I'm saying any girl can ride buckers like a man; she just can't stand the shaking because of her build; but Lucy sure was a rider just the same.

The Blake brand was Spur Z, like this:



and the ear-mark was swallow-fork right and jingle-bit left.

Lucy didn't want to have to do the riding work, but after the horse fell on her dad and crippled him she just had to do it. They couldn't afford to pay a cowboy, because it was only a little outfit with maybe a couple hundred head, and running mostly on bank money. Lucy was about the nicest and quietest girl you could find anywhere. She was only a little slim



by Jay Lucas

Illustrated by Frederic Mizen

Lynching Tony Jim

thing, sort of wistful looking, with dark hair and great big black eyes, and how she could do all that work was beyond me. She was straight as they make them, and if you'd said one word against her any cowboy in the country would have knocked you down so quick you wouldn't know what happened. She didn't even go with any fellers in her life until she took a liking to Tony Jim.

I sure wished you hadn't said what you did about her older sister, Kate, saying that she was one of the many wives of the notorious Slick Harper, and that she was notorious in every mining camp from here to Butte. It was just that she was so innocent that she ran away with Slick. She'd been raised out there on the ranch, and what did she know about men?

Slick was all you said he was, and a lot more. He was a low-down tin-horn gambler, and some people sort of hinted that he was even lower than that. They said he sort of helped out business for the girls in the dance halls, not to come right out and call him what he was. But he was good-looking all right, and I never saw him that he wasn't all dressed up in a long black coat and a wide black hat, and what chance did poor Kate have when he took a notion that he wanted her?

Anyway, the poor kid thought she was marrying him legal. How was she to know that he had wives scattered all the way up to the Canada line and across to San Antone. They say she stuck with him pretty near a year, and God knows what poor Kate had to stand for before she quit him.

What she finally left him over was that he wanted her to make a living for him in a way I hate to come right out and say. Well, Kate wasn't that kind of a girl. So she quit him, or he kicked her out — I can't rightly say which—and he took up with a half Mexican girl up in Cripple Creek. Well, Slick picked the right one that time; it wasn't only about a month until she knifed him, which was all too good for him.

After she left him, we didn't hear no more about Kate for a year or two, and then a feller that used to

work on the Cross Bar D recognized her working in a miners' boarding house in Butte, waiting on table. He said she was straight as a string, and that you only had to say one crooked word about her to have the first miner you met crawling you. Miners was like cowboys that way. They thought nothing of going down to the red-light and raising hell all night, but if you said one word against a decent girl they'd jump you so quick you didn't know what hit you. I mean the American miners they used to work at that time, and a few Irish and English—mostly what they call Cornishmen if I recollect right. You don't see any American miners any more in this country; they're all pretty dark complected.

Well, when Lucy got word that Kate was in Butte, she wanted to send for her right away. But the old man wouldn't stand for it, though he was sitting crippled in his chair at the time, with Lucy doing all the riding and house work, too. Old Tom Blake used to fly into a powerful rage every time he heard Kate's name spoke, and they say he swore on the Bible that she'd never enter the house as long as he lived. Tom was a pretty smart man, with more schooling than most of us, but I want to say that it sure didn't make him friends any, how he acted about poor Kate, and her only a poor innocent kid that had got in trouble. I heard she had a baby up in Montana but it died, but I can't rightly say if that's so or not.

Then old Tom Blake died, after living a lot longer than any one expected, him smashed up like he was, and the first thing Lucy did was to send a telegram for Kate to come home. Lucy let on like she just had to have her to do the house work so that she could tend to the cattle, and she said she couldn't stay out there on the ranch anyway all by herself. Of course it was that Lucy sure thought a lot of Kate, and felt sorry for her getting in trouble that way. They say while the old man was alive Lucy would come out of her room many a morning with her eyes all red from crying all night about Kate. Maybe she was a Calamity Jane, like you say, but if that's the case Calamity Jane sure has been misrepresented a heap.

I was standing on the platform the day Kate come in on the train, and I hardly knew her at first, she looked so much older and kind of sad, which sure was no wonder after what the poor kid had been through. I figure you could have bought all the clothes on her back for around four bits, which sure don't sound like she had been leading a noticeable gay life.

At that I'm not right sure she wasn't prettier than ever, only in a sad kind of way. Both the Blake girls was about as good looking as you could find in a day's ride.

Kate shook hands with me, of course, but she didn't have much to say, feeling kind of ashamed like she did. She climbed into the buckboard beside Lucy and they went straight out to the ranch without stopping in town, and after that you wouldn't see her in town 'less she just had to come, and that wasn't often.

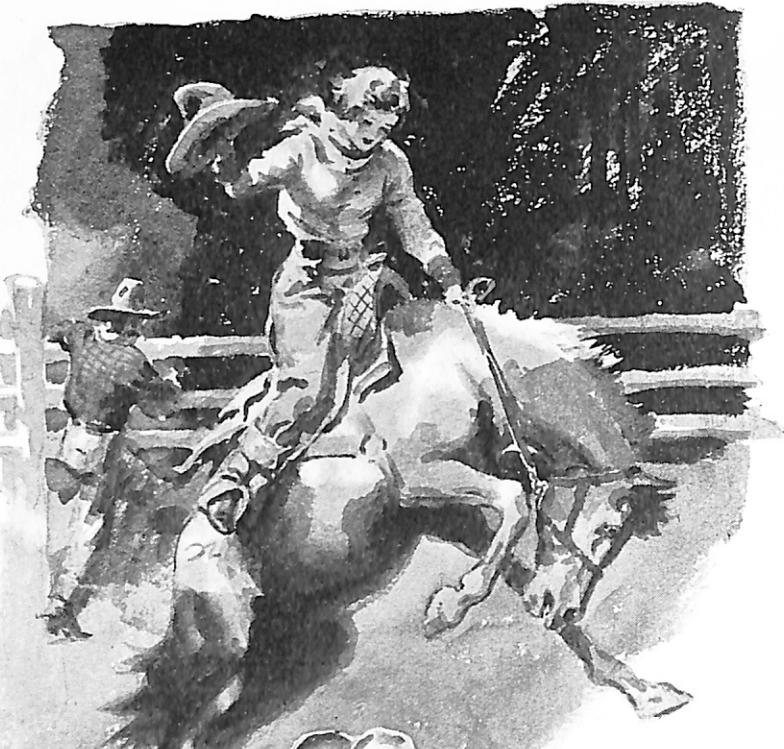
Of course most of us didn't think any the less of Kate for her getting in trouble, but there was a few women would pretend not to see her on the street when she come in, and that was mighty hard on a girl like Kate that was always sort of proud before. Then there was more of the old devils—I don't like to speak of a woman that way, but I can't help it—that would smile at her sweet as anything and call her "Mrs. Harper." Poor Kate would rather be shot than called that, because she knew she wasn't Mrs. Harper. Then there was that story going around about her having a kid, and her not married, so there wasn't none of the women any too ready to mix with her.

Well, before long we noticed that Lucy was getting to be pretty near as bad as Kate about not wanting to go to town. She didn't like to hear them cracks about her sister some of the women made, and besides she was ashamed of having to do a man's work,



and of the clothes she had to wear if she got the work done. Her clothes was pretty shabby most of the time, and in them days it was thought plumb terrible for a girl to wear pants and men's clothes.

I want to say that me and a lot more were sure proud of how Lucy was doing, but when we'd try to act nice to her she thought we was only feeling sorry for her. Like I said, both of the Blake girls were proud as anything, and they'd



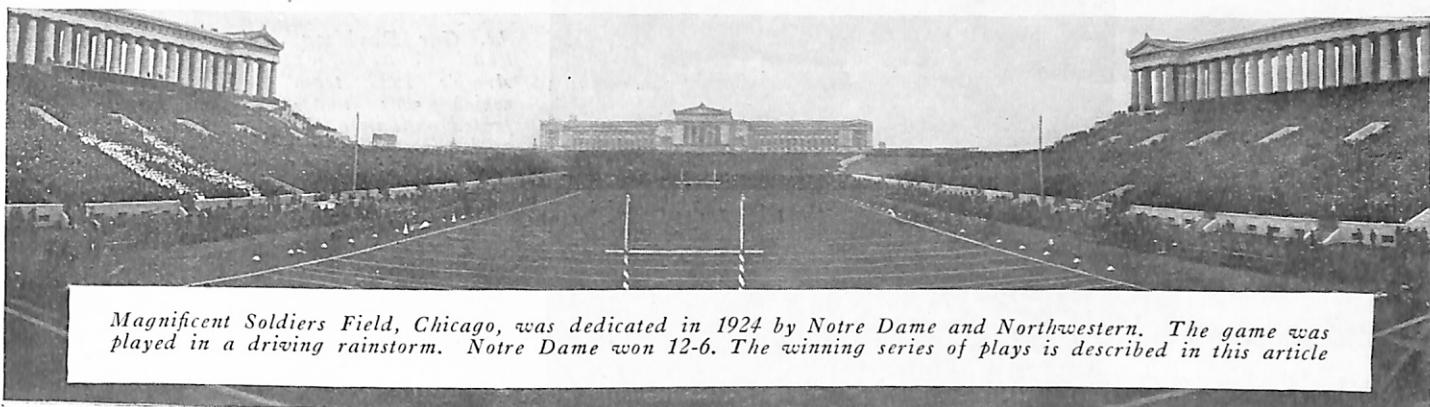
I've seen her top off some broncs that would have given many a cowboy a stiff ride

rather be dead than felt sorry for.

I reckon by this time you got to see that the Blake girls was a mite different from what some people make out. Now I want to tell you about Tony Jim, and see if you think he's as low-down as you made out in the paper.

Tony had been riding for me about three years when old man Blake died, and I want to say that a better or more reliable cowboy never cinched a saddle. But Tony had one bad weakness: there was no telling when he'd take a notion to go to town and get on a hell-roaring drunk. But even then he didn't have any meanness in him. He might shoot out a light or two, or rope down a sign over a store, but in them days they didn't think much of a cowboy doing that sort of thing.

I'm not trying to let on that Tony Jim was any saint. I'll admit that he did shoot a man or two, but the truth is that nobody would bother to arrest him for the kind of fellers he shot and why he did it. We was sort of easy-going about things in them days, and if Tony wanted to shoot some loud-mouthed bully that went swaggering (*Continued on page 34*)



Kaufmann and Fabry

The Perfect Play

Is There Such a Thing in Football?

by E. Victor Syrcher

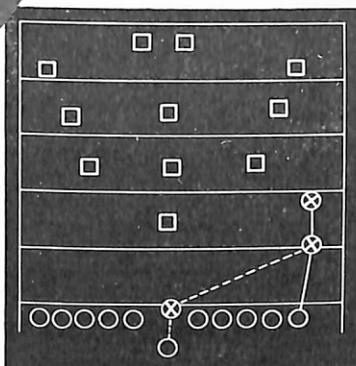


Of all the football coaches today, "Pop" Warner of Temple has had the most colorful career. At the right he is shown (with hat on) with the 1896 Georgia team

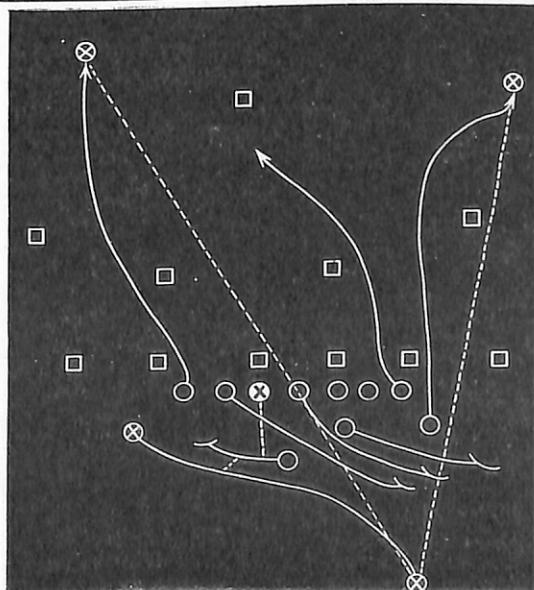


PERFECT PLAY?" said the old master, Glenn S. Warner, better known as "Pop" Warner. "Every play is a perfect play if executed perfectly. They come few and far between. Because a football team is made up of eleven different personalities. And each of these eleven personalities is operating under a degree of tension and under circumstances never duplicated elsewhere. Anything can happen. What do you do when under great emotional excitement? Fall back on your instincts. On your training. We all do. So in football. In this game of continued physical struggle and keen mental competition, all of it under high emotion, it's fundamentals that count. Fundamentals! That's my experience."

That experience extends over a period of nearly forty years, going back to the University of Georgia in 1896, and including such famous aggregations as the Big Red Teams from Cornell, the widely famed Carlisle Indians, the Pittsburgh Panthers (undefeated for thirty-three consecutive games), and the Stanford Cham-



Two of Warner's "perfect plays." Left: The on-side kick-off which his Georgia team used as the first of a series of deceptive plays to defeat Auburn in 1897. Below: Two variations of a long forward pass, with each of which Stanford scored on California in the 1924 tie game



pions. Such an array of successes that it seems a habit with him! And embracing a wealth of football experience equalled by few in the entire history of American football.

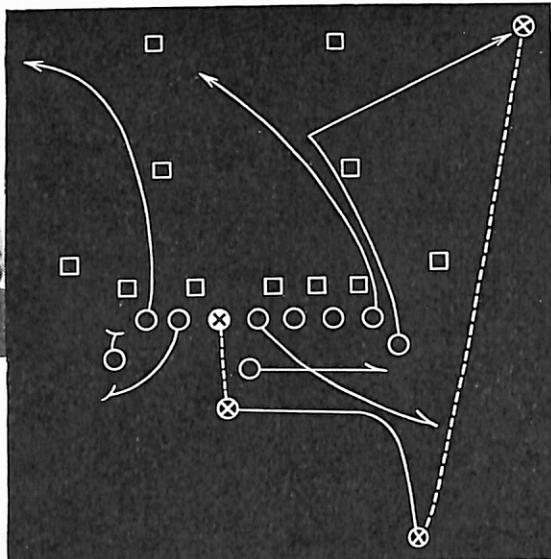
You would like Pop Warner. A great hulk of a man, with beetling brows and grizzled countenance, standing six-feet-three, and careful in shaking your hand not to squeeze it to a pulp. A tower of strength and fortitude, he is a living symbol of the behemoths and mastodons of old-time football. Withal, a man of gentleness and understanding. One feels his power. One instinctively has confidence in him.

"I teach my boys that every play must gain ground. My plays are constructed to that end. The better the execution the more ground they gain. If carried out perfectly, they go far toward touchdowns.

"Unlike baseball, where the same players go on year after year and become skilled performers, the football coach must win his games with new varsity players each year. Making it still more difficult is the fact that football, more than any other sport, depends upon the close,



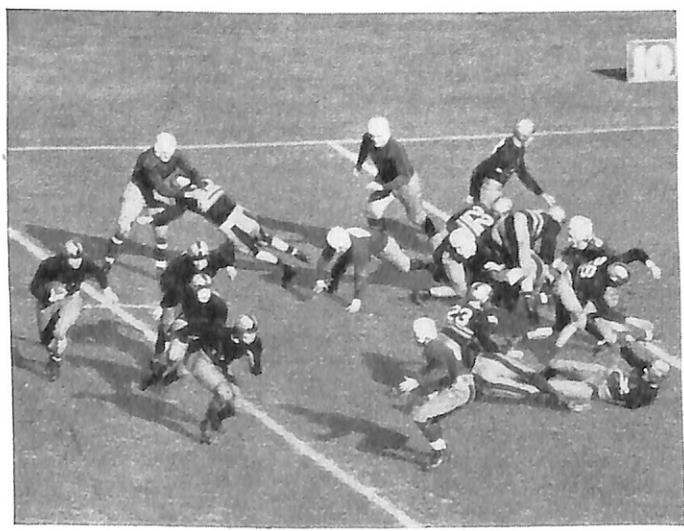
Andy Kerr, Colgate's famous football mentor, and, to the right, a diagram of the "perfect forward pass play" he devised — and with which his team defeated a strong New York University team in 1932



International



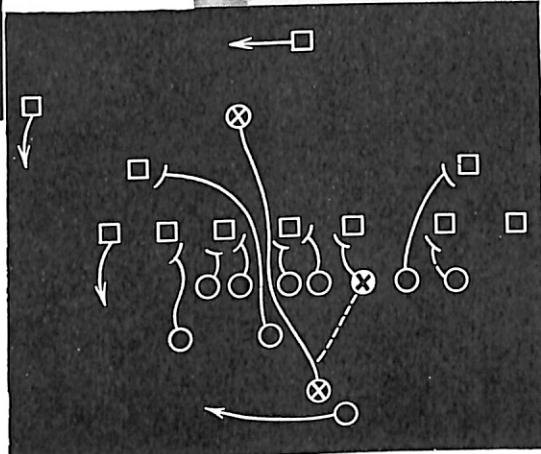
The Colgate back scoring the touchdown described in the text. He has eluded the secondary defense and is well out in the clear



Wide World

It was two wide sweeps such as this—one to each side—that spread out Yale's defense last year and enabled Army to score on the next play by means of a quarterback sneak. The scoring play developed from the identical formation

Lt. Gar Davidson, head coach of Army's 1933 team which was undefeated until its game with Notre Dame



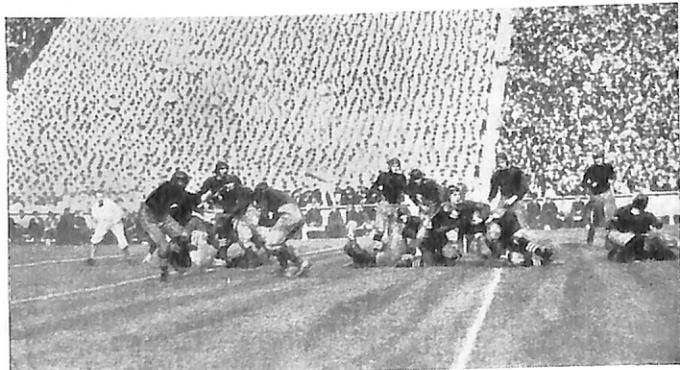
The climax to the series of three "perfect plays"—the quarterback run with which Army scored on Yale in the memorable game of 1933

wholehearted teamwork of every individual player. Having green men each year requires sticking to simple, workable plays.

"Practice makes perfect, they say. But even practice, practice, practice, makes few perfect plays in football. There are twenty-two odds against perfection. Remember, eleven players are doing their level best to prevent a perfect play!

"Now and again, everything does 'click' and a so-called perfect play results. Yes, there are times, when, against determined opposition, a well-designed and well-rehearsed play called at just the right time . . .

I RECALL the way we beat a strong and hitherto undefeated Auburn team. That was my second season at the University of Georgia. I had been graduated from Cornell only two years previously and I wanted to show my mettle as a coach. They had us 6 to 6 at the end of the first half. It was a



Underwood and Underwood

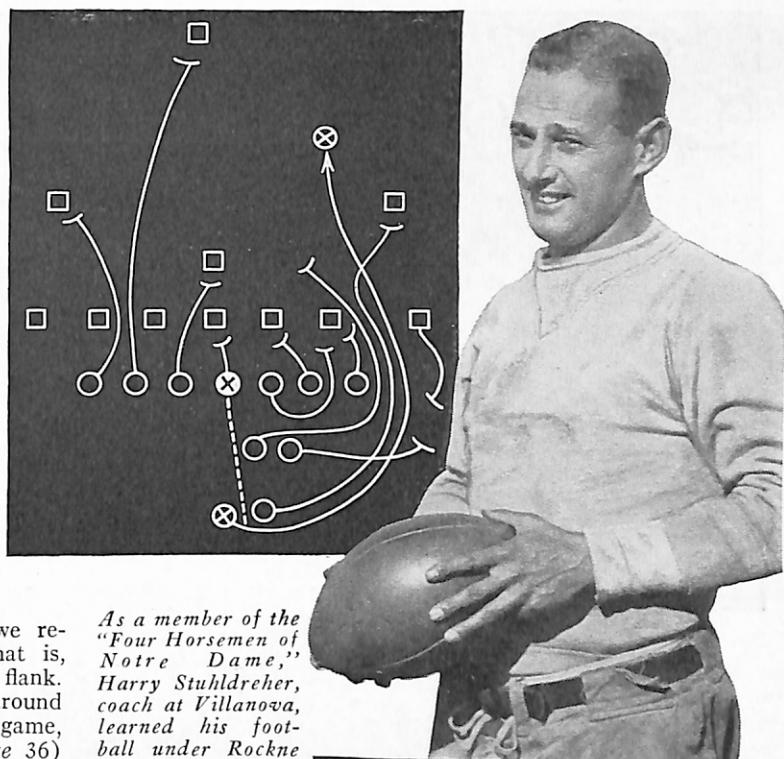
The stirring 1924 game between California and Stanford. The Warner team tied the score by making two touchdowns on long forward passes in the last three minutes

tough, tight game. Something had to be done. We had the ace up our sleeve—we had prepared for such a situation and worked out three plays to be used at the start of the second half.

"The three plays, including the kick-off, were run as a sequence. The kick-off was played as an on-side kick. The rules permitted an on-side player of the team kicking-off to recover the kick and run with it, provided the ball had traveled ten yards. The trick was to recover the ball ahead of the opposition. We deliberately dribbled the kick-off sharply to our right. It was promptly snatched up by one of our alert forwards who ran another ten yards before being downed.

"The ball was at the extreme right of the field as we had anticipated, so we unbalanced our line, leaving the center as the right flank. This was a very unorthodox play in those days and it was executed so quickly that it badly unsettled the Auburn boys. They couldn't quite make up their minds how to meet the situation. On this play we merely ran wide around left end, the power being massed on that side.

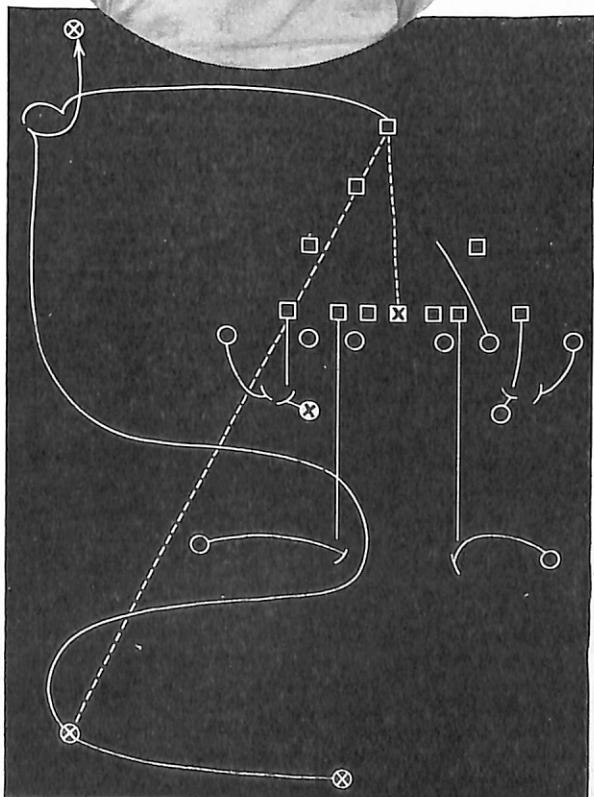
"The ball was now fifteen yards from the goal line and on the extreme left of the field—just as we expected it would be from the wide end run. So we repeated the play, this time running to the right. That is, we unbalanced the line again, the center now being left flank. The power being massed on the right, we ran wide around right end. The play went for a touchdown and won the game, as the Auburn team never did quite (Continued on page 36)



As a member of the "Four Horsemen of Notre Dame," Harry Stuhldreher, coach at Villanova, learned his football under Rockne

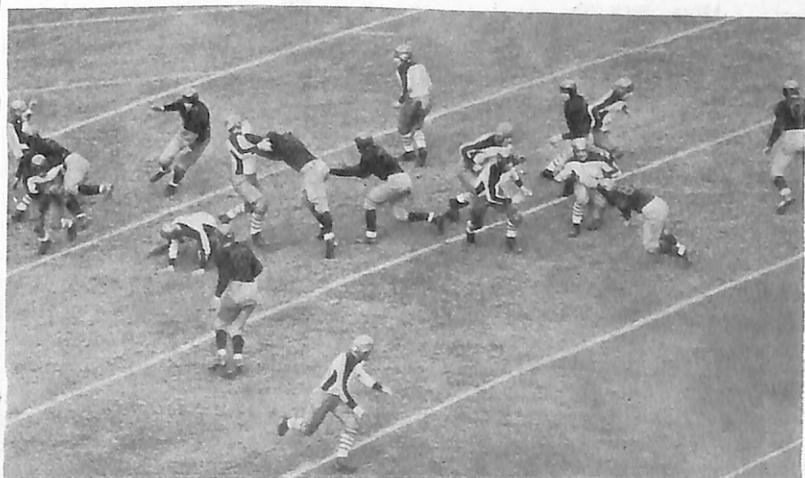
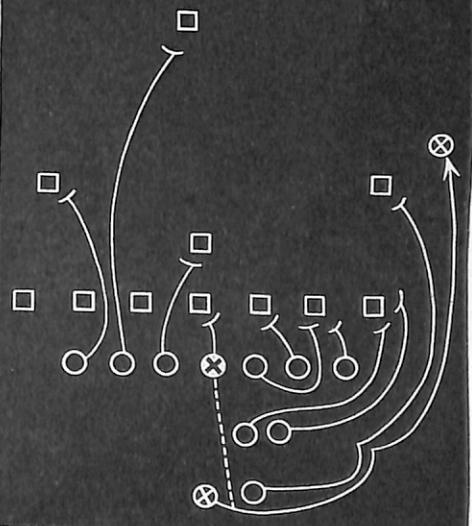


Orren Jack Turner



Above and to the right are shown two variations of Rockne's famous off-tackle play. It was by means of the deceptive shift from off-tackle to around-end (right) that Notre Dame defeated Northwestern in 1924, when Soldier's Field, Chicago, was dedicated

Left: "The only major team in the country that was untied and undefeated in 1933." That was "Fritz" Crisler's record at the end of his second year at Princeton. The diagram shows how Princeton's well devised blocking resulted in a touchdown by running back an opponent's punt



Keystone

Columbia punts from her goal-line in the 1933 game with Princeton. It was on a play such as this that Princeton scored a touchdown—one of three that set Columbia back 20-0 for her only defeat last year. Crisler believes that sound offensive tactics are even more important when the enemy punts than when his team is rushing the ball

Money for Home Owners



*An Interview with
James A. Moffett*

by Samuel Crowther

*Portrait of Mr.
Moffett, Fed-
eral Housing
Administrator,
drawn by Jeff
Tester*

building or into home financing. It is stepping into a vacant spot that private capital has been unable to fill. It is going into the credit insurance business and to some extent into the rediscount business. And thus, by making realty finance more attractive to the investor, it will open up the flow of private funds that has for several years been dammed. Everything else is up to the individual buyers and sellers. If the sellers through prices and service can turn many millions of present prospects into present customers, then the F. H. A. stands ready to give the seller the advantage of cash and the buyer the advantage of low-priced, long-term credit—provided the buyer seems reasonably able to sustain the credit he wants.

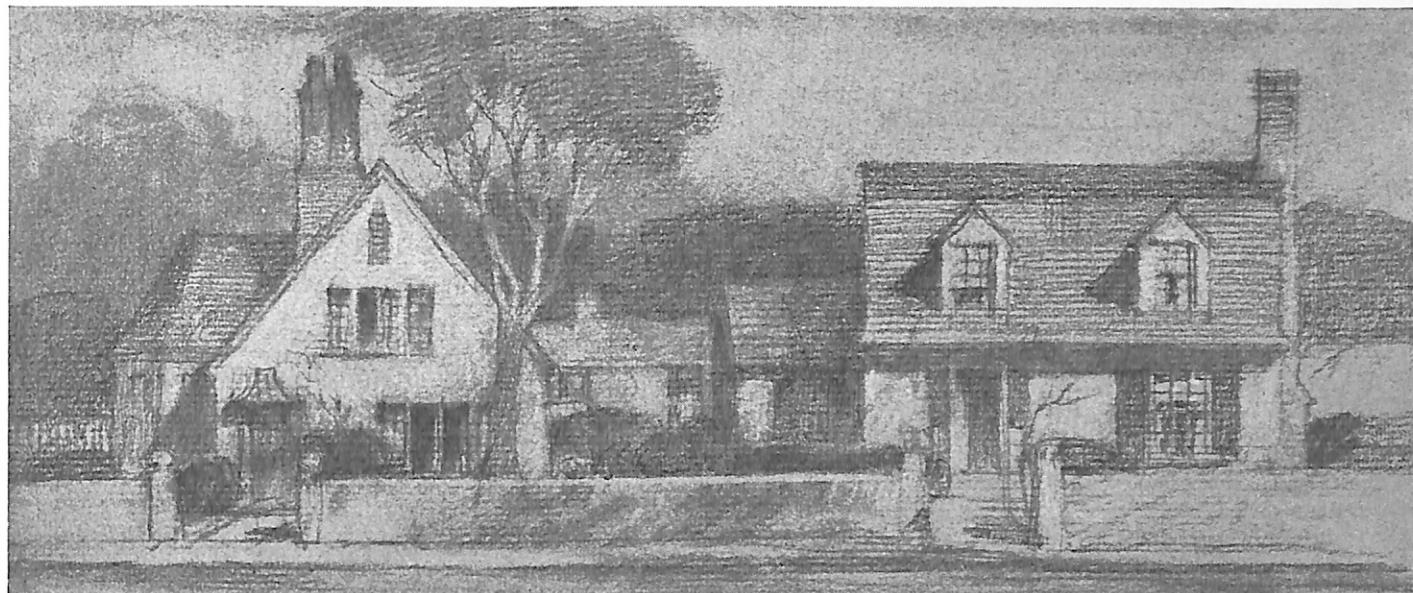
I have no intention of aiding in the erection of debts which cannot be paid. That would not be a service. If the credit terms are actually as attractive as we think they are, and if the manufacturers, contractors, dealers and workers can and will meet the needs of the buying public, we can look for a large upturn in the construction industries with the consequent reemployment of an immense number of men and the sound stimulation of business at the point where it is most needed. The Act will aid, not substitute for, private initiative.

Look at the real estate picture. Ours is a nation of home owners. It is the ambition of nearly every family to own its own home and, in the general welfare, this ambition should be in every way encouraged—every citizen should have a stake

THE FEDERAL HOUSING ACT is neither an emergency nor a relief measure. It is not a set-up for a "Buy Now" campaign—except to the extent that it makes improvements to real estate easier and cheaper to finance than they have been. The larger purpose of the Act is to get at the root of those troubled and unnecessary expenses which hamper the financing of home building in good times and which culminate in causing widespread distress among home owners whenever the sharp price fall of a depression takes place.

The Government, through the Act, is not going into home

Copyright, 1934, by Samuel Crowther



in this country. For income reasons it is not possible for a considerable section of the people to own their homes, while others, because of the character of their occupations, find it inexpedient to be bound down.

It is not only a public duty but good business to see to it that at least decent, self-respecting quarters are available to those in the lowest income groups, with correspondingly better quarters available to those in the higher income groups. It is not enough to destroy slums and then erect apartments which the former slum denizens can under no circumstances afford to occupy. That sort of slum clearance only shifts the slums. It should be possible for any family, whether it wants to rent or to buy, to get a full value of housing for whatever money it can afford.

There are a number of reasons why in normal times citizens do not commonly get the value of their money in housing. These reasons result in the abnormally large volume of distress property in depressed times, for then the owners who bought at too high a figure find themselves unable to carry their properties and the whole real estate market is smothered almost to the point of extinction with distress goods. Of the reasons why houses commonly cost too much, some have to do with the methods of building and labor—which to a large extent is still in the hand age while everything else is in the machine age—but the largest single element of excessive cost is in finance.

The suburban dwelling which in 1926 sold on terms at six thousand dollars could, had cheap money been available during its building, have been sold at five thousand dollars with a profit to everyone. If the buyer of that house had been able to have a long-term mortgage at a low interest rate with adequate amortization, and if the holder of that mortgage had been able to dispose of it at face value whenever he needed the money, few of those homes would have

gone on the auction block with such tragic consequences. As it was, most of these homes were covered with a series of short-term mortgages. Whenever one of these mortgages expired, the owner usually had to pay a premium for renewal. And so, instead of being able to reduce his mortgage debt during good times, he found that most of the money he had paid toward reducing his principal was periodically absorbed in renewing his mortgages. Thus, instead of paying the five or six per cent. for his money which he had calculated to pay, he found that renewal fees and the like brought the interest over a period to ten per cent. or more, and that in the end he was just where he started.

The depression made it quite impossible to continue the farce of trying to hang on to his home. The F. H. A. has nothing to do with the saving of those distressed properties. They are in the care of another division of the Government. Our function is very different; we are aiming at a system of home finance that will in the future cut down the distress margin while presently providing against the deterioration of property due to neglecting upkeep.

A MORTGAGE on a home taken at a conservative percentage of a fair and reasonable appraisal should be the best security in the world. For many years such mortgages were the nation's prime investment, and today there is outstanding in realty mortgages a much larger amount than is invested in any other class of security. But, in spite of its security, a real estate mortgage has certain defects as an investment. The buyer of a mortgage must know the property either personally or through an agent. This operates against the liquidity—a mortgage is not something that can pass from hand to hand like a listed bond. Therefore any investor who wants to put out his money where he can get it whenever he needs it—and most

\$10.00 Prizes for Letters on Home Modernization

IN order to stimulate interest in, and co-operation with, the Government's Home Modernization Program, the Editors of THE ELKS MAGAZINE offer prizes of \$10.00 each for letters from Elks in good standing describing *briefly* how they have availed themselves of the new F. H. A. loans in order to make necessary repairs, additions or alterations to their homes.

Letters should state the amount of money borrowed, the purposes for which it was used, the number of workmen and work-hours employed on the job and the kinds of materials purchased. Letters should be accompanied by photographs where possible, showing, preferably, the home both *before* the improvements were made and *after*. In the case of interior or mechanical changes, rough sketch-plans or diagrams might prove more illuminating than photographs.

For every exhibit of this character which, in the Editors' opinion, is sufficiently interesting to warrant publication, \$10.00 will be paid. The Editors' decision will be final and all material submitted will become the property of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and will not be returned. Smaller instances of modernization will be given equal consideration with larger ones. Complete exhibits must reach THE ELKS MAGAZINE'S Editorial Offices, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by October 31, 1934.

investors must do that—has to steer clear of realty mortgages. In recent years all private investors have been keeping a larger and larger share of their assets in securities that could be disposed of quickly, and this has resulted in a profound—although little noticed—shift in the medium of investment. This has shunted much of the mortgage lending to institutions such as insurance companies and savings funds, the managers of which can calculate far in advance their needs for cash and plan accordingly. The mortgages guaranteed by private companies were created to fill the requirements of liquidity and safety, and these guaranteed mortgages did meet the need and were largely sold, but mortgage insurance companies have not shown up well during the depression and a guaranteed mortgage no longer has the position it once had.

Likewise the realty corporation bonds, of which great quantities were issued a few years ago, have not made a good record. It is not necessary to go into the reasons behind the failure of these securities. They are a matter of record. The building and loan societies have played a large part in mortgage finance, but since they must borrow a portion of their funds from commercial banks, they are crippled when bank credit becomes restricted.

There have been many splendid, well-managed sources for home mortgage financing, but they have not been available to the whole nation, and because in times of distress many of these sources must have their funds liquid, they simply must withdraw from the market. This withdrawing operates not only against new building but also against the refinancing of existing homes. For a home once financed is not forever financed. Because property values change, the typical mortgage has been written for a term only of from three to five years.

The average citizen does not know where to go for mortgage money, and hence when a mortgage became due and the lender wanted his money, he has had to employ a broker and pay a commission in order to get the money. The commission is commonly small, but, if money be scarce, he often has to pay a bonus and, even at the best, the expenses connected with refinance have been large. This has operated against the retirement of mortgages and the whole mortgage fund of the nation has tended to become static instead of being, as it should be, a slowly revolving fund. The shift towards liquid investments has tended to make these charges higher instead of lower because investors want a premium to compensate for non-liquidity.

When prices and hence incomes fall, mortgage debts become burdensome and interest payments lag. If the mortgages had been written for long terms with amortization, the savings of flush times would have taken the great mass of them into the depression with the principal sums so reduced that the owners could have managed them. But, as it was, the inability of the owners to pay, combined with the rush of lenders to realize on their money outstanding, brought such an avalanche of foreclosures that property values everywhere have been smashed to such an extent that today no one knows what a piece of property is worth.

How the F.H.A. Plan Saves Money

(Six room, two-story detached house on 40 by 100 foot lot in typical development. Cost over 15-year period)

	Usual Method	By New Plan of F. H. A.	
Per Acre 40'x100'	1 Lot Pct. of Tot. Cost		
Land			
Raw Land	\$1,500	\$ 207	\$ 207
Subdivision Cost including profits	8,000	1,107	8.0
Land Sales Price	\$9,500	\$1,314	\$9.6
			\$1,314
Construction—House			
Materials	\$2,450	17.7	\$2,450
Labor	1,450	10.5	1,450
Overhead and Profit	1,300	9.4	1,300
Total	\$5,200	37.6	\$5,200
Total—Land and House	\$6,514	47.2	\$6,514
Finance Cost			
1st Mortgage — 50% — \$3,257 @ 6.34%	\$3,098	22.4	
1st Mortgage Renewals— every 3 years—3.7%	603		
2nd Mortgage — 20% — \$1,303 @ 8% plus commission**	260		
2nd Mortgage Renewal— \$400 @ 8% plus commission	60		
Total **(amortized @ 2% per month)	\$4,021	29.1	
One amortized mortgage for \$5,211 (80% of land and house value) at 5% true interest*			
Insurance Cost @ 1% per year of face value of loan (maximum)			
Total Cost of Financing Taxes—2% at 75% assessed value for 15 yrs.	\$1,500	10.9	\$1,500
Insurance—Fire @ \$5 per thousand	\$300	2.2	300
Maintenance			
Painting—Every 5 years @ \$150	\$450		\$450
Roofing—Once	275		275
General Repair—\$50 per year	750		750
Total	\$1,475	10.7	\$1,475
Grand Total	\$13,810	100.0	\$12,532
Less 1st Mortgage—not paid off	3,257		
			\$10,553

Note: Figures are averages as published in President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership Reports. Labor and material division in construction cost as reported by U. S. Bureau of Labor statistics.

* Loan amortized at rate of \$29.00 per month for fifteen years.

Direct saving in financing cost of \$1,961 saving in financing cost of \$1,278, or practically enough to buy land

Home totally paid for

THE F. H. A. is attacking the problem broadly on two fronts. The first concerns the provision of credit insurance for bank loans for modernization purposes, and the second concerns the providing of credit insurance for long-term, low-interest, amortized mortgages with facilities for making these mortgages readily liquid. Specifically, the Act has these five general provisions:

(1) *Modernization Credit Insurance.* Insurance rediscounting of credits for renovating and modernizing homes and other small properties. This temporary measure should at once greatly increase the amount of such work, and employment in the building trades and allied industries.

(2) *Mutual Mortgage Insurance.* Mutual insurance for long-term, amortized home mortgages is designed to bring increased safety to investors. This should release idle capital and generally loosen up the field of home financing and the market for home properties. At the same time, the long-term, completely amortized home mortgage loan at low interest should become standard practice throughout the nation.

(3) *National Mortgage Associations.* These privately organized companies will help to make insured home mortgages a reasonably liquid form of investment, and bring capital funds into areas where home mortgage money is now scarce.

(4) *Insurance of Savings and Loan Accounts.* By removing the handicap under which building and loan associations have been operating since insurance covering bank deposits went into effect, this should increase the supply of home mortgage funds available from these institutions.

(5) *Amendments to the Federal Home Loan Bank Act, Federal Reserve Act, etc., included to round out and supplement the other provisions.*

The modernization section of our (*Continued on page 46*)



Skipper Deitrich

Smoke Screen

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

CAPTAIN JOE DEITRICH, skipper of Engine Company Number Eight of the New York Fire Department, swung back the pedestrian door of the apparatus floor and went out to the gutter plank. There, faintly illuminated in the light of the engine house windows, stood a long, sleek car, containing a young man and a girl.

"Hello," said the Skipper, and turned up the collar of his uniform blouse. It was an early December night, and the first cold snap.

"Hello," came doubly from within the car. The fireman noticed a strained tone, implying that Jane Bruce and Bob Leadon had not spent an excellent evening.

"Just thought we'd drop by," the young man announced mildly—and in it, the Skipper read a call for help. The girl flashed an exasperated smile.

"Yes, you see, I've got all my late Christmas orders to get out tonight. So we just didn't have a thing in the world to do but to go visiting."

The gray-haired smoke-eater chuckled. He liked Jane Bruce tremendously; liked her spirit, her fresh youth and vivacity, the way she wouldn't respond like a third alarm, simply because a young millionaire happened to be in love with her.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I'm glad you thought of me."

Jane Bruce shifted, announcing:

"Bob, I'm sorry. But either you'll have to take me to my shop or I'll get out and walk. I'll be working half the night, as it is."

That evidently started it all over again.

"Well, if you'd only let me put somebody in there to do the work for you—"

"Who'd pay them?"

"I would. I've told you that."

"And I've told you that I didn't want— Oh, goodnight, Captain!" Bob had jammed in the clutch; the car had leaped a good three feet in its getaway. Skipper Joe strolled back into the engine house.

"Bob Leadon'll probably be by here soon," he said to the house watch. "I'll see him in my office."

Copyright, 1934, by Courtney Ryley Cooper



Then you grabbed her and carried her out and she slapped your face



Then thoughtfully he went up the spiral iron staircase and through the bunkroom to the partitioned space at the front which served as his quarters. He wished he could do something about this trouble. Skipper Joe had known these two punks for a great many years. Jane had played on the sidewalk in front of these very quarters as a child. As for Bob, the Skipper had known him since babyhood—the boy's father, now dead, had sought out Joe, his schoolmate, as the first one to hear of the invention which later had brought millions.

AT last in his office, the Skipper sat down at his old, square desk, and for a time merely rocked in the swivel chair, listening to the snoring of Mammoth Cave Martin, the company's champion sleeper, busily trying to wear out a cot, just beyond the partition. Then an alarm hit in, the "combination" or house system, sounding the signal rounds in swift cadence, to be followed by the slow, sonorous repetition of the gong. Skipper Joe gave little attention; the stations on Eight Engine's running board were instinctive; his mind could classify an alarm outside his district almost without mental effort. Likewise Mammoth Cave, who lost not a note. At last, the house watch shouted up through the pole hole:

"Hey, Fogarty? Awake? Tell the Captain Bob Leadon's on the way up."

A moment later, quite miserable, youth faced middle age across the desk.

"Well, I guess I'm all washed up," said Leadon. "She says there isn't any use in me hanging around any longer."

"Some other fellow?"

Leadon shook his head. He was good looking, of the dark

type, straight and clean-appearing, in spite of his present disconsolate slump. He had forgotten to take off his overcoat; coat collar turned up, he sat there, twirling his hat absently between his knees.

"No, there isn't any other fellow. I don't know what's so terrible about me, Skipper. Other girls pretend I'm not so bad."

There was a moment's silence. Then the fire captain asked:

"Look here, Bob, did it ever occur to you that you've never been able to show that girl that you two have a single thing in common?"

Leadon stared.

"You're crazy. I love her. I'm silly about her. Why—"

"But you're rich, and she's poor. And—"

"That isn't my fault. If she'd marry me, she'd be as rich as I am."

"There you are. Jane doesn't care about simply marrying money. She's got to have something more—understanding." The Skipper turned his head for a moment in admiration of a sustained blast from Mammoth Cave, then slung a leg over the corner of his desk. "Jane was brought up in a family where everybody worked. When her Dad died, she got a job —yeh, and it was in the ten-cent store. Gradually she moved up; saved her money. Now, with everything she's got, she's trying to put over this little gift supply business. You ought to help her, instead of fighting her."

"Fighting her?" Bob Leadon rose. "My God! Haven't I tried to help her? Do you think it's my fault she hangs out in a corner of a damned old abandoned warehouse over on East Fifty-second?"

"Sure she hangs out there. She pays a next to nothing rent."



"An old rat trap—I'd set her up in a real building."

"Sure, and pay her rent for her. And not even be clever about it."

The young man paced the room angrily.

"Oh, I don't know what it's all about!" he exclaimed. The Skipper grinned. "Sure you don't. That's just the trouble. Instead of talking about all the little things she's interested in, you sit across a table from her and moon like a dying calf. If she's excited about selling three lampshades to some novelty shop, you mention casually that you're about to buy a new car. You drive by there twenty times a day and interfere with her work—it never would enter your head to take off your coat and help her unpack something that's just come in. Your mind doesn't run that way. You can hire people to do things like that—"

"Sure. I'd hire 'em in a minute, if she'd let me."

"You invite her out to dinner, and when she gets tired of refusing you, where do you take her?"

"Where? Oh, Pierre's or La Rue's; maybe the Ritz. Always to a decent place."

"You certainly do," answered the Skipper. "And she's just nuts about that, ain't she?"

Leadon stared.

"Why not?"

"And in the afternoon, you send her along a bunch of orchids."

"Isn't that proper?"

The Skipper stared at the ceiling.

"Oh, sure. A girl feels so much at home, when she's got one good dress to her name, and some sap hangs a bunch of

*Then the rush of driving fluid,
streaming in bullet-like direct-
ness; a smacking impact fol-
lowed as the water met the fire*

orchids on her and drags her where every other woman's got a million dollars' worth of clothes on."

"I'm just trying to do the right thing."

"Then you might try taking her a bunch of sweet peas tied up in a piece of newspaper. And a jig-saw puzzle, and go to the movies, instead of dragging her into a box at the opera."

"Look here!" The young man sat down hurriedly, only to rise and pace again. "If you think she can't deport herself—"

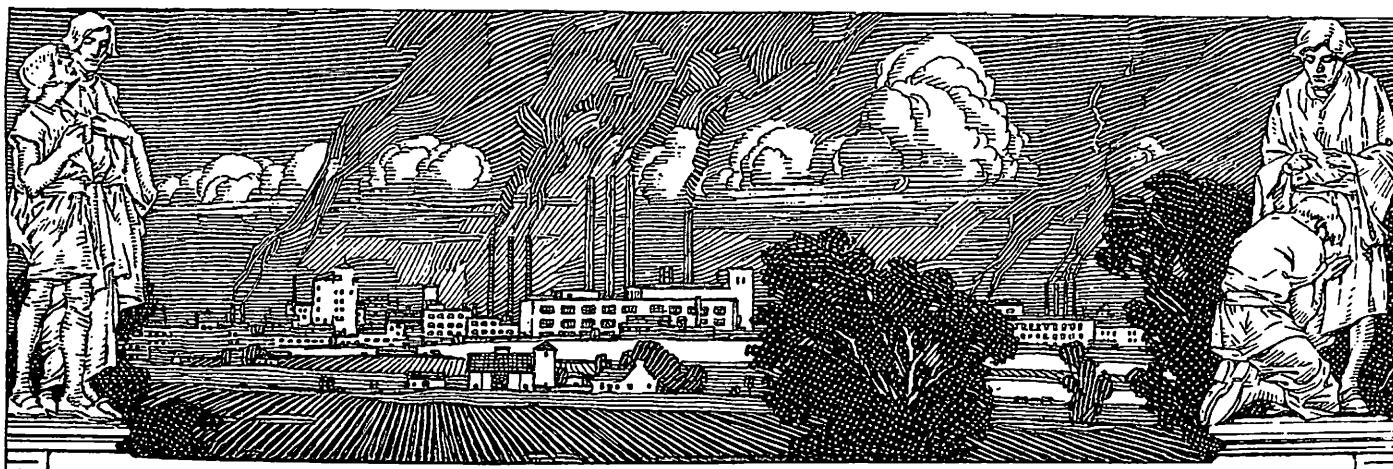
A WONDROUS snore from the gusty-mouthed Mammoth Cave starting from deep in the cellar and sweeping gustily out the hose tower, interrupted. Leadon stared gloomily out the window.

"We'll let that go," argued the Skipper. "The point is this: Of course, Jane needs help—who doesn't? But she doesn't want to be made—what do you call it?—a chattel. And she wants to stay in her own backyard until she gets more accustomed to the front. If I was a girl," the Skipper continued, "I'd figure that you were trying to hoist me up to where I'd be qualified to marry you, and I think I'd get sore. Tuck that under your hat and get out of here. I want to turn in."

Bob Leadon looked for a long time at the floor. Then swinging his hat as he went toward the door, he said thoughtfully:

"I see—you mean the simple things." But he added gloomily, "Nothing could help me with her now. She practically said so."

"They all say that," answered the Skipper. A few moments later, the whine of Bob Leadon's car (*Continued on page 41*)



EDITORIAL

FATHER AND SON

KT is estimated that there are five thousand Elks who have sons eligible for membership in the Order, but who are not members. In most of these cases it is believed that the son might very properly address to his father a communication worded somewhat as follows:

"Dear Dad,

"You have been an Elk for a long time; and I have noticed that you seem proud of your membership and appear to derive a great deal of pleasure from its association. But you never talk to me about it and have never suggested that I apply for membership, although I understand I am eligible.

"Why is this true? Don't you regard the Order as one you would like to have me join? Don't you think I would enjoy the fraternal contacts with your Elk brothers; and would be glad to have a share along with you in the good deeds that are being done? Don't you believe that I would derive benefit from such membership and that I would contribute something of value to it?

"I have never been invited to join the Order, but I assume this is because the other members of your Lodge are relying upon you to interest me in this. And I feel a little embarrassed because you have not tried to do so.

"I would be glad if you would give your best thought to the matter and if you would talk to me frankly about it.

Your affectionate son."

Most of these fathers would probably recognize the justice of the criticism implied in such a communication, and would respond by fatherly talks with their sons, leading to many prompt applications for membership, which they would severally be delighted to present.

It is suggested that each Elk who reads this, and who has a son eligible for membership, act as if he had personally received such a note from that son. It would be interesting to note the result.

THE BIG APPEAL

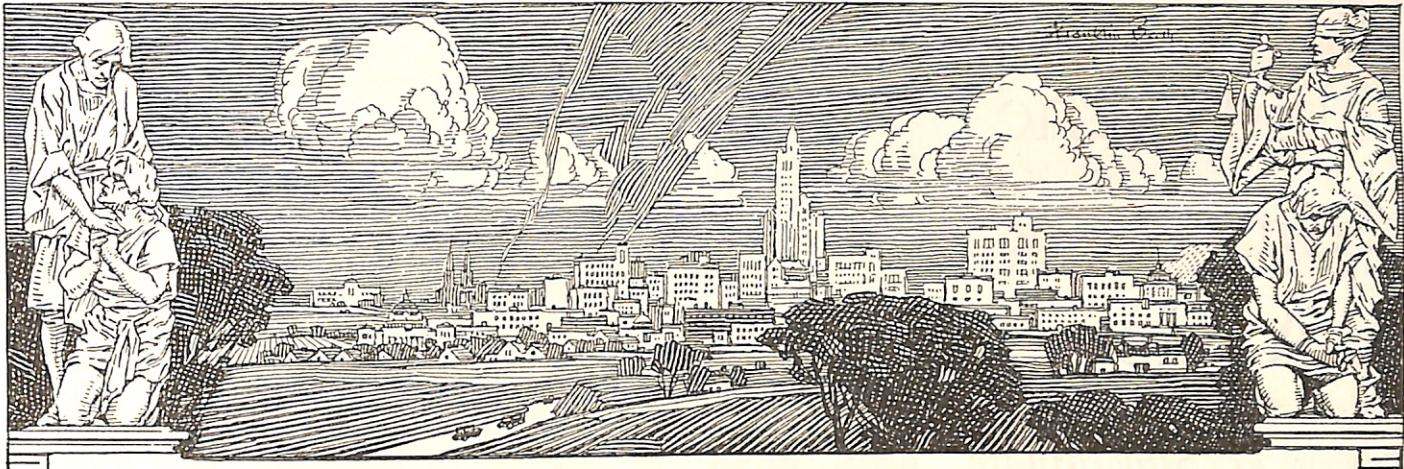
KN his unusually effective and forcefully delivered address to the Grand Lodge at Kansas City, Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon accentuated the fact that the big appeal which the Order makes to all classes of its members is through its charity and welfare work. And he stated that, in his own experience, he had found that nothing is more interesting to the membership generally than the intelligent relation of the vast extent of the good that is being accomplished by it, and its subordinate Lodges, throughout the country.

The Grand Exalted Ruler thus confirms what has often been repeated in these columns—that the loyalty and devotion of Elks is most surely won, and most successfully maintained, when their respective Lodges are effectively functioning in the promotion of their fundamental purposes.

Even those who sometimes seem to take their membership most lightly, and who apparently are most interested in the social features of its club life, have a real pride in the benevolent accomplishments of the Order, and derive a deep satisfaction from a realization of their contributing share thereto. They may not often so express themselves; but that sentiment is quite universally entertained.

And, of course, the splendid work which the Order has done and is doing in its selected field is the big appeal which it makes to the public from which its recruits must be drawn. So long as the Lodges are active in carrying out the basic objectives of the Order, there need be no concern about new members. They will voluntarily knock at our doors. Wherever membership becomes a real problem, it is very strong evidence that the Lodge is falling down on its job.

Social functions for members are essential to the development of a desirable spirit for fraternal comradeship. But it should be remembered that the Order of



Elks is primarily a benevolent organization; and that it will grow in influence and in members as it devotes itself to its fundamental purposes and demonstrates its capability to achieve them.

The Grand Exalted Ruler is right. It is through such activities that the Order makes what he terms its "Big Appeal."

WORTH WHILE AND WELL DONE



HE Elks National Foundation Trustees are to be congratulated upon their splendid administration of the funds derived from the Foundation. While the amount is not as large as it will inevitably grow to be, yet it is substantial; and a diversity of worthy objects in the several subordinate jurisdictions have been materially assisted by the allocations made from available income.

The particular undertaking of the Trustees last year was specially commendable and was most successfully conducted under their own direct supervision. It involved a cash award to the subordinate Lodge which had performed the finest act of service during the year; and also a cash prize to the American student of the highest scholastic, moral and physical standing, among those nominated for consideration by subordinate Lodges.

The detailed report of this activity was published in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, but the mere narration of the facts does not indicate the enthusiasm with which the report was received, nor the flood of emotion which swept the Grand Lodge when the winner of the student prize, among more than forty nominees, was personally presented to that body.

His youthful charm, his modest but manly bearing, and the character and clean-cut, intelligent Americanism which radiated from his happy countenance, brought a thrill of pride that the Order was giving to so promising a lad educational opportunities which otherwise he would not have. It was the high-light of the Convention.

Scarcely less gratifying was the exhibit of the plan of the fine hospital, the construction of which was successfully promoted by Kittanning Lodge, Pa., No. 203, to which the award was made for conspicuous service.

ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP

THE suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler that every subordinate Lodge, upon each meeting night, should perform some special act of friendship, is one which should meet with a ready response. It is not only commendable as a fraternal undertaking but it holds promise of a marked increase in the interest in Lodge meetings, and, therefore, of better Lodge attendance.

Of course the several Lodges are constantly performing deeds of charity and helpfulness. For the most part these are considered in the routine business of the sessions. But if it be known that, at each meeting, the Lodge will specifically consider some suggested act to mark that particular session, the members will feel a quickened interest in the occasion.

It is not designed that this feature of the meeting shall necessarily involve a movement of community-wide significance, or of major importance, with appreciable expense as an incident thereof, although there is no suggested limitation thereupon.

It may be an undertaking of far-reaching effect. But it may also be a simple but sincere message of sympathy to one in trouble, or a resolution of commendation of some worth while project, or a gift of flowers to one who is ill. It may be an unpublished contribution to some individual or family whose peculiar need is presented; or any one of a limitless variety of kindly deeds.

In any event, the idea implies that the Lodge will, as a special order of business, consider the proposals to be made; and that each member will be invited to present his own suggestion as to what the act of friendship should be for that particular occasion—so that the Lodge may make a choice and have that choice become a deed in which all will share.

A general adoption of the suggestion will stimulate the members to a keener interest, not only because of the plans they may severally wish adopted, but also because of the natural interest that will be felt in those anticipated from others. And it will result in a vastly increased number and variety of kindly fraternal deeds, each one of which will be worth while, and the aggregate of which will be of tremendous import.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Activities of New Orleans, La., Lodge

In the life of the City, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, has come to the front noticeably during the last three or four months. E.R. Dr. F. J. Wolfe attributes the increased interest to the fact that both old and young members are pulling together to make every Lodge affair a successful one.

The athletic activities of No. 30 have picked up nearly sixty per cent since the forming of a Sports Committee. The Lodge boasts an up-to-date rifle range with Lieut. Albert St. M. LeBreton in charge. He is directing the members' attention to the city-wide match to be held soon. The social activities of the Lodge are well taken care of with two monthly dances, one being held by the Elks and the other by the Antlers. Stags, bridge tournaments and feasts are also held at regular intervals.

The Lodge has moved its grill from the rear of the Home to a more prominent position at the front, facing the well-kept, attractive gardens, palms and goldfish pond.

Chris R. Valley

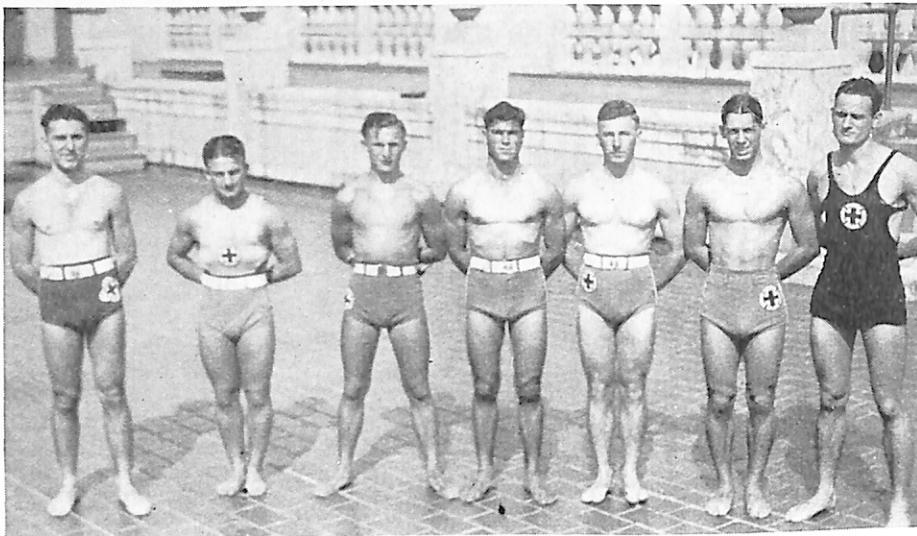
Reports of Interest from Williamsport, Pa., Lodge

The picnic season was enjoyed to the utmost by members of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, and although stormy weather prevented the holding of the annual family picnic out-of-doors, the affair was as enjoyable as ever. The impromptu program in the Lodge Home began with a buffet luncheon and was followed by a concert by the Williamsport Elks Band under the direction of Secy. David M. Gerry. Refreshments were served during the entire afternoon, and special entertainment was provided for the ladies and children.

In August, members of the Antlers Country Club served the second picking of the corn grown on the grounds surrounding the Home. The roast was enjoyed by a large crowd and was followed by dancing, the music being by the Antlers Club Orchestra.

A delegation of about 75 members of No. 173, headed by Mayor George Harris, a member of the Lodge, and the Elks Band of 30 pieces, attended the Convention of the Pa. State Assn. in Gettysburg and extended an invitation to hold the 1935 meeting in their City. They withdrew their bid, however, upon assurance that the Convention would be held in Williamsport in 1936.

William V. Welker, Correspondent



The Life-savers Squad of New Orleans, La., Lodge. Left to right: Alvin H. Toups, Instructor; B. Raynal Ariatti, George Domim, Frank Marcella, Frank G. Sell, Walter St. M. LeBreton, and Louis Riedl

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Searches for Harry A. Seaman

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, has some important news for a former member, Harry A. Seaman, whose last known address was Winthrop, Mass. Any member of the Order knowing the whereabouts of Mr. Seaman will confer a favor upon the Lodge and upon Mr. Seaman's family by communicating with Thomas Robinson, Secretary, whose address is 1811 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Calif.

P.E.R. Thomas Robinson, Secy.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Acceptance Address

Because of the many requests for copies of Mr. Shannon's address of acceptance when he was made Grand Exalted Ruler in Kansas City last July, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has had this splendidly patriotic call to action reprinted. The officers of a number of subordinate Lodges have found these reprints of value in connection with membership campaigns and also for general educational purposes.

Reprints in any quantity will be shipped promptly at the cost-of-production price, which is one cent each, plus postage. Address your order to the New York office, 50 East 42nd Street.

Former Chief Justice John Jay Carton Mourned by the Order

John Jay Carton, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge and long prominent in State, National, legal and fraternal circles, died recently at Flint, Mich., after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Carton was 77 years of age.

He was a lifelong resident of Genesee County, Mich., a former President of the Michigan Bar Association, and President of the Michigan Constitutional Convention of 1908. In his fraternal work Mr. Carton had been Grand Master of the Michigan Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., and a member of the Sovereign Grand Council of the Thirty-Third Degree. He was also a member of the legal department of the Order of the Maccabees.

Mr. Carton assisted in drafting the original articles of incorporation of the Buick and Chevrolet Motor Companies, and was

personal attorney for William C. Durant, automobile manufacturer. He was a member of the prominent law firm of Durand and Carton, of Flint, Mich., which later became the firm of Carton, Gault and Parker. He was also President of the First National Bank of Flint and of its successor, the National Bank of Flint, from 1899 to 1916. He was Speaker of the House of the Michigan Legislature in 1901 and 1903.

Monrovia, Calif., Lodge Warns Against G. W. Wilber

Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1427, wishes to warn the Order at large against a man giving the name of George or G. W. Wilber. The man has obtained sums of money from two different Lodges by falsely representing himself as a member of Monrovia Lodge. If this man is located, Monrovia Lodge advises that he be detained and that Secretary W. D. Pierson of Raton, N. M., Lodge, and Secretary Tom W. Rolofson of Cripple Creek, Colo., Lodge, be notified.

A. J. Walker, Secretary

Louis Rotter of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Dies

Louis Rotter, in charge of the accounting department for THE ELKS MAGAZINE since its inception in June, 1922, died at his home in Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y., on August 18th. After a long illness, with many complications, Mr. Rotter succumbed to pneumonia. Prior to and including his publishing connection, Mr. Rotter had been in the service of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in a confidential capacity for over 25 years.

For 11 years Mr. Rotter had been a much loved member of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. He had always participated actively in its affairs and he was widely known throughout the Order at large. He was approaching his 48th birthday when death overtook him. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Maria Rotter; two sisters, Mrs. Anna M. Heaslip and Mrs. Amelia Seiferlein, and a brother, Gustave A. Rotter.

The Elks funeral service was conducted admirably at Mr. Rotter's home by District Deputy Matthew J. Merritt and the officers of Queens Borough Lodge on the evening of August 20th. Many members of Queens Borough Lodge and staff members of THE ELKS MAGAZINE attended. The following morning the Lutheran funeral service took place. Interment was at Lutheran Cemetery, Middle Village, Long Island.

Orange Lodges Unite in Outing for Crippled Children

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, and West Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 1590, united in providing an annual day's outing and picnic at Rye Beach, N. Y., for 140 little cripples from the Oranges, Livingston, Roseland and Northfield, N. J., early in August. In charge of doctors and nurses, the children were taken by boat from Jersey City through Long Island Sound to the famous Rye Beach Playland. By courtesy of Henry Lutz, Director of New York State Parks, and Harry M. Somerville, Westchester County park head, amusements on the grounds were opened to unlimited use for the children. Refreshments were provided throughout the day.

*Chairman John J. Gieson,
West Orange Committee*

Word from Webster, Mass., Lodge

Webster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1466, has recently completed a series of Nationality Nights, each of which proved to be a marked success. Commencing with Jewish Night, there followed in succession German, Polish, Irish, French, Italian and All Nations Nights.

Since the opening of the Lodge's new quarters the attendance at meetings and social functions has increased considerably. It has been noted with pleasure that the membership in No. 1466 has been boosted appreciably.

George C. Stevens, E.R.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Loses Noted Member

The sudden death of Jesse S. Dewey, P.E.R. of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, came as a shock not only to his brother members but to the Community as well. Mr. Dewey had been in failing health for several months and a short time before he was stricken with a sudden fatal heart attack he had been recuperating at a farm in Michigan with relatives.

At the time of his death Mr. Dewey was a member of East Chicago Lodge's Board of Trustees and also a member of the East Chicago Elks Building Assn., on which he had worked with untiring zeal for the past ten years. Mr. Dewey served for nearly eight years as President of the East Chicago Board of Public Works and was actively engaged in the automobile sales and garage business with P.E.R. H. E. Zoeger. The funeral was held at St. Mary's Catholic Church and was largely attended by his many friends.

James E. O'Neil, Secretary

Lawrence C. Davidson, of Charleston, W. Va., Sought

News of Lawrence C. Davidson, of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, is being sought. Mr. Davidson has been missing for some time. His description follows: Age, 42; weight, about 150 lbs.; height, five feet,



Lunden

The officers and a group of P. E. R.'s and members of Huntington, N.Y., Lodge at a recent meeting held at their Home

eight inches; complexion, fair; hair, light, slightly bald; upper teeth gone with a plate substituting; occupation, a presser. Information concerning Mr. Davidson should be reported to Clarence B. Davidson, care of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge. It has been suggested that inquiries be made at pressing and cleaning establishments.

Plan Studied for Therapeutic Pool at Betty Bacharach Home

The advisability of constructing a therapeutic pool at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J., sponsored by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, was discussed at a recent meeting of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Commission. The pool would be similar to that at the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia, the officials of which have been conferred with on the subject by the Commission. The pool would be for the benefit of infantile paralytics.

Governor A. Harry Moore, a P.E.R. of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, addressed the Commission. Chairman Joseph G. Buch, Dr. David B. Allman, Medical Director of the Home, and Dr. B. Franklin Buzby, representing the State Medical Society, are considering the details of the project. Plans for the establishment of a convalescent center for patients over 16 years of age were also discussed.

The meeting followed a luncheon at which members of the Commission were guests of Gov. and Mrs. Moore at their home at Sea Girt. Mr. Buch was honored on the occasion with the presentation of a birthday cake by the Governor and his wife, and a gift from the Commission.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Holds Annual Clambake

More than 250 members of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, and their friends, recently attended the Lodge's 30th annual outing and clambake held at O'Hare's Grove, Smith's Ferry. Among those who enjoyed themselves at the affair were many of the most prominent political and business men of the surrounding territory. A 16-piece band gave a concert during the afternoon.

John J. Murphy, Correspondent



The John R. Coen Class, initiated by Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge

News of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, recently held an Old Time Political Rally to which all the candidates for public office at the forthcoming elections were invited to attend and give a three-minute talk upon their qualifications for office. Thirty City, County, State and National office seekers attended.

Not long ago E.R. Clare McCord was highly complimented for the completeness of his official Grand Lodge Convention report, submitted to the Lodge at a regular meeting. He included the highlights of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon's acceptance speech, with the result that the Lodge decided to rally immediately behind the new leader in his national program.

Gerard A. Wall, Editor, Elks Bulletin

Fremont, Ohio, Lodge Honorary Life Member Succumbs

The death of P.E.R. Stephen J. Ryan, 76, a charter and honorary life member of Fremont, Ohio, Lodge, No. 169, was recently received with feelings of shock and regret by his fellow members and townsmen. Mr. Ryan had been in ill health for three years, but pneumonia was the immediate cause of his death.

Mr. Ryan belonged to several church societies and fraternal Orders. He helped to organize Fremont Lodge in 1890 and was one of its first Exalted Rulers. In recognition of his work in the Lodge, he was made an honorary life member, a tribute which touched Mr. Ryan very deeply. He also served No. 169 as Trustee, leaving that office only last spring.

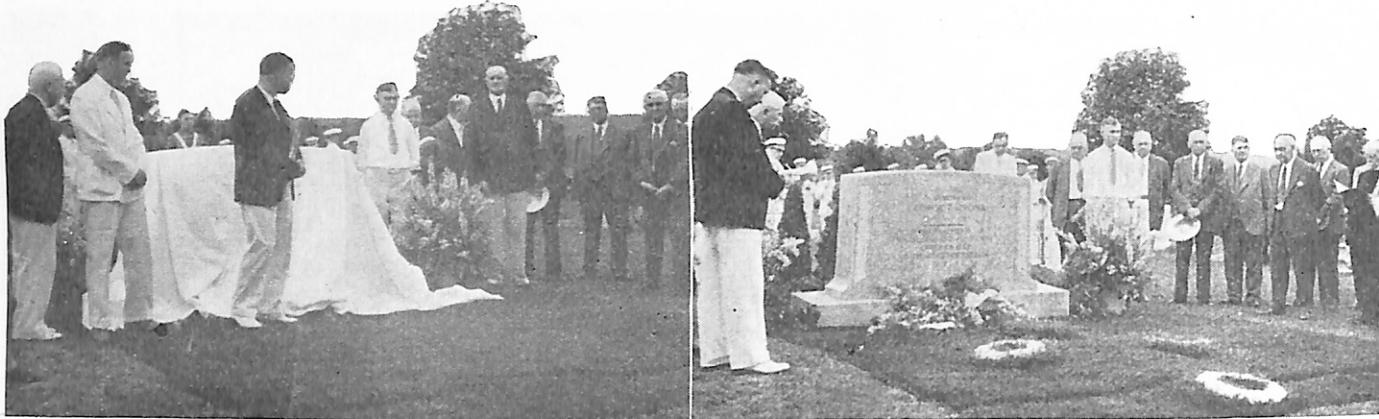
Merced, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Old-Fashioned Fourth

In an endeavor to rekindle the spirit of old-time patriotism, Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, sponsored an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration on last Independence Day, with the cooperation of the American Legion. The day started off with salutes in the early morning. At nine o'clock a two-mile, eight-section parade, made up of various local groups and organizations, was formed. Following the parade an address was delivered by Chauncey Tramutola of San Francisco.

After the address children from all parts of Merced County participated in the children's events, consisting of bicycle races, greased pig-catching contests, sack races, three-legged races, a wheel-barrow race, boys' egg race, boy-on-shoulders race, pie-eating contest, a watermelon-eating contest, and girls' relay and egg races. All the children's events were under the direct supervision of a committee of Merced Elks.

The afternoon was given over to a horse-racing program at the Merced County Stock Show grounds. Generous prizes in both harness and running races attracted horse owners from all parts of the State.

Merrill T. Austin, Correspondent



Above is pictured the ceremony of dedicating the memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Cronk, at Franklin, Pa. At left: the memorial before unveiling, surrounded by prominent Elks, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener delivering his address. The picture at the right was taken after the unveiling, during the ritualistic services

Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

The Hon. Michael F. Shannon, Chief Executive of the Order, on his way to Omaha, Neb., for a conference with a group of District Deputies, recently paid an unexpected visit to Kansas City Lodge No. 26. Arriving by airplane, he was escorted by P.D.D. E. L. Biersmith, Secy. of the Lodge; W. H. H. Piatt and Andrew O. Nilles to his hotel for a brief rest. Later he proceeded to Kansas City Lodge where he was surprised to be greeted by more than a hundred members who had been assembled by P.E.R. Edgar P. Madorie for membership work.

Mr. Shannon delivered a brief address in response to his welcome and afterward greeted the members individually. In the midst of the proceedings two members (both bald-headed) stepped forward, announcing their names to be John E. and Harry G. Shannon. The Grand Exalted Ruler placed his hands upon both their heads and exclaimed "Three of a kind!" With this as his exit line, he departed for his night's rest.

Edgar P. Madorie, Chairman, Membership Committee

Cumberland, Md., Lodge Warns Against Honoring Lost Membership Card

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, warns the Lodges of the Order that the membership card in favor of George L. Hile, Member No. 438, Card No. 222, issued on June 6, and good from October 1, 1934, to April 1, 1935, has been reported lost. This card is not to be honored. In the meantime Mr. Hile has been issued another card by the Lodge.

J. E. Yarnall, Secretary

Splendid Charity Work of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge

A recent report of Secy. Adam Martin, of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, shows that from April 1, 1930, to Feb. 1, 1934, \$50,694.72 was distributed for charity. The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Red Cross and Salvation Army received \$3,384.25; the milk fund for undernourished children and furnishing of medicines amounted to \$12,426.42; treats and outings for orphans, \$2,488.59; direct relief for the needy, \$28,935.21; equipment and maintenance of Elks playground, \$2,381; and miscellaneous charities, \$1,079.25. Over \$2,000 was used last year to aid families of Lodge members, and the Lodge has also contributed to the Elks National Foundation.

The Tenth Annual Orphans' Picnic, staged at State Fair Park, Wheeling Island, with 234 boys and girls from the various orphanages of the City in attendance, was one of the best ever held. The children enjoyed the swimming pool, circle swing, miniature railway and all of the other amusements on the grounds, and the presentation of dresses and dolls to the girls, and of suits, baseballs, knives and other articles to the boys, added much to their enjoyment.

Many kinds of refreshments were served. Buses transported the guests, including matrons and other attendants, to and from the Park, and a Committee headed by Lionel Nightengale was on hand all day to see that all were properly cared for.

Adam Martin, Secretary



Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Loses P.E.R. Gum

The recent death of P.E.R. Wilbur Gum of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, came as a severe blow to his fellow members. Mr. Gum was drowned while fishing in the Delaware River, two miles south of Barryville, on August 12.

By the passing of Mr. Gum, Middletown Lodge has lost one of its most conscientious workers. He gave devoted and undivided attention to the affairs of the Lodge and of the Order at large during his progress through the various chairs of office.

W. N. Lyman, Correspondent

Spanish-American War Veterans Elect Judge McCord Leader

Judge Leon McCord, senior P.E.R. of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, was elected National Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish-American War Veterans at the 26th encampment of the organization at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Judge McCord has long been prominent in the Order. He is a Past District Deputy and the present Chaplain of the Alabama State Elks Assn.

News of Concord, Mass., Lodge

An enjoyable outing was held recently by Concord, Mass., Lodge, No. 1479, at the Assabet Country Club. In the early morning, the assembled golfers commenced to tee off in a golf tournament. This was a spirited match and the prize, a handsome golf bag, was won by Joseph Macone, of Concord, with Henry Martell second. During the morning, tennis and swimming were also enjoyed by a number of the Elks.

Promptly at 1:30 P.M., some 200 members, with their families and friends, sat down to a chicken dinner, with all the fixings, prepared by the Club. Following dinner the afternoon was given over to all manner of sports, including tennis, golf, baseball and swimming. The affair lasted well into the evening and all present assured the officers of the Lodge that this was the best of any similar outings they had ever attended.

After the sudden, and recent, death of the Lodge's beloved friend and P.E.R., Benjamin E. Derby, his son, the Exalted Ruler-Elect, was obliged to decline to serve in that capacity. At a special meeting called by Concord Lodge to cope with the situation, Joseph Dee was nominated, elected and installed as Exalted Ruler. Mr. Dee is an outstanding citizen of Concord and a sincere and ardent worker for the Lodge. He has already accomplished much in the way of progress.

John J. McWalter, Secretary



The Home of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, a railroad station in the '90s, (above), is now (left) as modern and attractive a Club as could be desired

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



A squadron of flyers and members of Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, pictured at the party Fairbanks Lodge gave in honor of the noted bombing aviators

Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge Entertains Bombing Squadron

Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1551, the "Farthest-North" Lodge in the Order, recently entertained Lieut. Col. Arnold and the members of his squadron of flyers at what was one of the most outstanding social affairs of the year, as well as one of the best attended parties ever held by the Lodge.

P.E.R. Frank H. Mapleton opened the festivities as toastmaster, welcoming the members of the Bombing Squadron and presenting each with a beautifully carved mastodon ivory paper knife. After the presentation the Lodge staged an interesting program for the visitors. Several boxing bouts took place, selections by the town band were heard and much enjoyed, and solo performances were rendered on the piano, saxophone and harmonica. Later a lunch was served and thoroughly enjoyed by both members and their flying guests.

David Adler, Secy.

Salem, Ore., Lodge Receives G. A. R. Post Emblems

Sedgewick Post of the G. A. R. at Salem, Ore., recently disbanded because of the passing of all but a few of its members. In choosing a place for the permanent preservation of its Flag and Civil War Trophy, it selected the Home of Salem Lodge No. 336. The Post was prompted to make this decision through the belief that the Elks Lodge is a truly patriotic organization, and one that will endure for generations to come. It also feels that in the Home of No. 336 lasting and devout respect will be shown the cherished emblems of the Post.

The emblems presented to the Lodge are the Flag of the Post and a reproduction of "Old Abe," an eagle mascot carried through the War by the 8th Wisconsin Regiment, and later officially honored by that State. Gideon Stoltz, a charter member of the Post, is its last Commander.

O. L. McDonald, P.D.D.

"Club Night" Held by Boise, Ida., Lodge

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, recently incorporated a new feature in its meeting schedule when its first "Club Night" was held. The innovation proved an outstanding success with more than 200 Boise Elks, as well as many members from neighboring Lodges, in attendance. The meeting was devoted entirely to good fellowship, entertainment and refreshments. The evening was so enjoyable that officers of the Lodge contemplate holding "Club Nights" monthly.

Glenn Balch, Correspondent

Eugene, Ore., Lodge Sees Prosperity Ahead

Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, has found the road back to prosperity tough sledding during the past few years, but of late the

4700 miles, visiting Elk Lodges all along the way, and on their return they spent three days in Yellowstone Park. Those making the trip were P.E.R.'s Dr. J. L. Hesse, Orlando J. Hollis and Harry B. Ruth, and Secy. J. E. Luckey.

Otto Gilstrap, Correspondent

Elks-Legion Drum Corps Sponsors Jubilee at Great Falls, Mont.

The Elks-Legion Drum Corps, made up of members of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, and members of the local Post of the American Legion, recently sponsored its first Annual Jubilee at Lake Francis, in Northern Montana near the town of Valier. Extensive preparations had been made, and the Jubilee turned out to be the largest affair of its kind to be held in the State in several years.

A merry-go-round, ferris wheel and other carnival amusements were provided for the children. The program included two football games between Great Falls and Conrad, boating, swimming and dancing at the Airport Inn. Another featured event was the provision of an air circus, in which several of Montana's star aviators performed, later taking visitors up for rides over the Lake. A large outdoor restaurant provided food for the crowds. It is estimated that over 4,000 persons attended the affair.

The members of the Drum Corps did all the work in connection with the celebration. The Corps is directed by an Executive Committee consisting of Clarence Mieyr, Harry Burnett and Robert Jorgenson, with W. L. Hill Secretary, and Frank Linn Treasurer. The Committee in charge of the celebration was headed by S. Van Blaricom, Jim Kremer and Ivor James. The Executive Committee assisted in the plans. Because of the marked success of the event it has been decided to make the Jubilee an annual affair.

John L. Thorpe, Correspondent



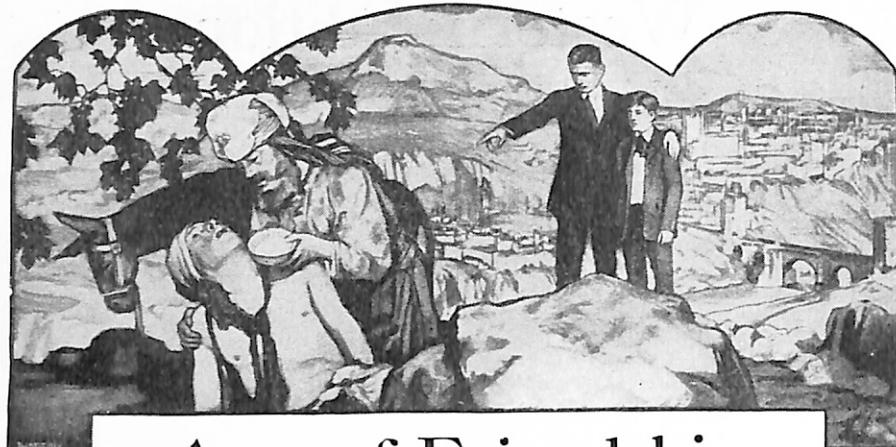
Gideon Stoltz, left, of Sedgewick Post, G. A. R., presenting the flag and trophy of the Post to Salem, Ore., Lodge. Accepting are, left to right: E. R. Frank E. Lynch, Mayor Douglas McKay, and O. L. McDonald, P.D.D.

Lodge seems to have reached the end of the trail. With a net increase of 70 members, the total membership has reached 700, and a new interest in Lodge activities, as well as a marked financial turn for the better, is evident.

During the past three years Eugene Lodge's finances have not permitted the sending of delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention. This year, however, three Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and the Secretary made the trip by automobile to Kansas City. They traveled a distance of



Good Will Tour pilots before the home of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge



Acts of Friendship

WIRE YOUR LODGE'S GOOD DEEDS TO THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

FOR the last ten years—including the four years of the depression—the official records of the Grand Lodge show that the Order of Elks has spent over \$20,000,000 in charity and welfare activities. Doubtless a vast amount of good, and the expenditure of an additional large amount of money of which no record exists, has also been accomplished during this period.

The subordinate Lodges are now undertaking and will continue to undertake many fine things. In addition, Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon this year asks that each Lodge, on every meeting night, make it not only a practice but an invariable rule, to perform one deed of friendship. In his acceptance speech at the Kansas City Convention, the Grand Exalted Ruler urged that this Act of Friendship be done collectively, and that it be performed in such a way that every member present actually has a part in its doing.

The Grand Exalted Ruler requested the Exalted Rulers to inaugurate this Act of Friendship program at the Lodge's first meeting after September 15th, and to pursue it faithfully at every subsequent meeting throughout the Lodge year. He further requested that a fifty-word night telegram be sent him at the conclusion of each meeting, reporting the Act of Friendship performed that night.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's plan—and that of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, which is assisting him in this program—call for several nationwide broadcasts. The most important feature of each broadcast will be a brief recital of the outstanding friendship acts disclosed by the night telegrams. These Acts of Friendship will be graded by the Grand Exalted Ruler and published in *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*.

AS an example of a splendidly conceived and promptly executed Act of Friendship of this character, Detroit Lodge No. 34 reports as follows:

At the regular August meeting, Exalted Ruler Irvine J. Unger broached the Grand Exalted Ruler's recommendation, suggesting that the Lodge cooperate with the *Detroit Free Press* which sponsors a fresh-air camp for underprivileged children at Silvan Lake,

and which is maintained by public contributions. Mr. Unger pointed out the fact that immediate and spontaneous contributions, even though modest in size, from those present would make it possible for three unfortunate children, about whose cases he had previously inquired, to have a two-weeks' vacation at this camp.

The money was raised then and there and the collection was handled in such a way that no member knew how much any other member contributed. The sum proved sufficient for the purpose, with the result that through the Detroit Children's Aid Society, arrangements were made immediately to provide these three unfortunate little ones with much needed vacations.

One of the girls had had no outing for three years. Her father is afflicted with tuberculosis, with the result that the family has been on the local welfare rolls for some time. This twelve-year-old girl is badly undernourished and apt to contract her father's affliction unless her health can be built up.

Another child who benefited from this Act of Friendship is a twelve-year-old boy—one of a large family and the only one capable of shouldering the burden of supporting it, due to the fact that his father is permanently incapacitated as a result of a World War injury. This boy is also badly undernourished and his home conditions are becoming worse rather than better.

The third child whose burden has been made easier lives with her sister, widowed father, aunt, and the latter's two children. Her father is unable to work and it has devolved upon her to attempt to support the entire group. The school record of this thirteen-year-old girl has been excellent, and she, too, was badly in need of rest, wholesome food and fresh air.

ACTS of Friendship such as the foregoing constitute the solid bedrock of unselfish service on which Elkdom stands four-square. Large sums of money are not required in order to cooperate with the Grand Exalted Ruler's program; rather he desires the sort of enterprising spirit that will go out into the poorer sections of the subordinate Lodges' jurisdictions, find needy cases of one and every kind, and promptly offer advice, encouragement and financial assistance where it is required.

Elks National Foundation Prizes for 1934-35

The Elks National Foundation Trustees offer prizes amounting to \$2,600 to promote the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.

\$1,000 FOR THE OUTSTANDING SUBORDINATE LODGE

A prize of \$1,000 is offered to the subordinate Lodge of our Order which has put into effect the practice of performing one act of friendship at each Lodge meeting, as advocated by the Grand Exalted Ruler, and has performed the most notable and most worthy act of friendship of all those reported to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

In order to qualify for this prize a Lodge must show that it has performed some act of friendship at each regular meeting during the period from October 1, 1934, to May 1, 1935 and that it has held at least ten regular meetings during that period. The Foundation Trustees will request the Grand Exalted Ruler to select a group of Lodges in the eligible class which have performed outstanding acts of friendship. From these the prize winner will be selected.

\$1,000 FOR THE MOST VALUABLE STUDENT Two \$300 HONORABLE MENTION SCHOLARSHIPS

The Foundation Trustees again offer a prize of \$1,000 to the most valuable student in the senior or graduating class of a high or college preparatory school or in any undergraduate class of a college. Honorable Mention Scholarships of \$300 each will be given to the two students who are rated nearest to the winner in point of merit.

The students who apply or who are put forward for these prizes must make or have made all representations in their behalf on or before February 1, 1935, in order that the Elks National Foundation Trustees, at their February meeting, may select the ten most deserving. Each of these will be required to write an essay or oration of not more than 3,000 words upon a patriotic subject to be selected by the student. While any subject may be selected and developed by the writer in accordance with his conception of patriotism, the essay or oration must indicate that the writer's philosophy is based upon belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, devotion to country and unselfish interest in mankind.

In choosing the winner of the most valuable student prize and those entitled to Honorable Mention Scholarships, the Foundation Trustees will give consideration to character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and any notable action of distinguishing accomplishment. Also they will judge the worth of a student by the thought, style and general excellence of the essay or oration which is submitted.

The purpose of the Elks National Foundation Trustees in offering these prizes is to coordinate the Foundation's program with the policies of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon, as outlined in his speech of acceptance at the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City.

Any additional rules or regulations which the Foundation Trustees may consider necessary or desirable will be published in *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*. The Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to award any or all of these prizes if the representations made to them do not show sufficient merit. Applications should be filed with and communications sent to Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*

RAYMOND BENJAMIN,
Vice-Chairman

MURRAY HULBERT, *Secretary*

JAMES G. McFARLAND,
Treasurer

EDWARD RIGHTOR
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW
LAWRENCE H. RUPP



*Cast
and
Broadcast*
By
Phillips Coles



John S. Young, LL.D., NBC announcer above, recently went to England at British invitation. He is lecturing at Oxford University and announcing for the British Broadcasting Company. NBC temporarily exchanged Mr. Young for an announcer from the BBC as an experiment in radio diction

Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, below, are principals in the "Tim Ryan's Rendezvous" broadcasts of night club life heard weekly over WJZ. The comedians built up a large radio following on the West Coast. They are continuing their success from the NBC studios in Radio City, New York



Ralph Kirby, above, who labors along bravely under the title of the "Dream Singer"—an honorary title bestowed upon him by NBC—warbles most pleasantly over the midnight air waves. Once in a while he tears himself away and hunts, fishes and, we suspect, forgets for a little about being a "Dream Singer"

Miss Gina Vanna, above, 20-year-old operatic soprano, is the featured soloist on the House-by-the-Side-of-the-Road program over an NBC-WEAF network each Sunday afternoon. Miss Vanna has been with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, though she did her first public singing over the air waves

Below is Maxine, the popular new singer featured by the Columbia Broadcasting System. Although at the time of writing her summer program is about to go off the air, Maxine is being bid for heavily by other sponsors, so immediate has been the public's response to her. You will be hearing her





One bright spot on Broadway this season is "Life Begins at 8:40," a revue with Bert Lahr, Frances Williams, and Ray Bolger. Mr. Lahr is as funny as ever; there is an attractive chorus, and the music and lyrics are excellent. Above are Mr. Bolger and Dixie Dunbar in the song hit of the show, "You're a Builder-Upper"



From London has come the famous D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, associated from the beginning with Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas. Now crowds are witnessing their delightful performances here. Above is pictured Darrell Fancourt in the title rôle of their excellent production of "The Mikado"

(Left) Muriel Dickson as the much sought Josephine and Marjorie Eyre as Hebe in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's presentation of that perennial favorite "H. M. S. Pinafore." The performance of these lovely ladies, like that of the rest of the company, leaves very little to be desired

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Constance Bennett (above) in "Outcast Lady," a screen drama based on Michael Arlen's well-known novel, "The Green Hat." Miss Bennett plays the part of Iris March, whose undying love for Napier Harpenden, played by Herbert Marshall, brings her little happiness. The play is a tragic one, but it is exceedingly well acted

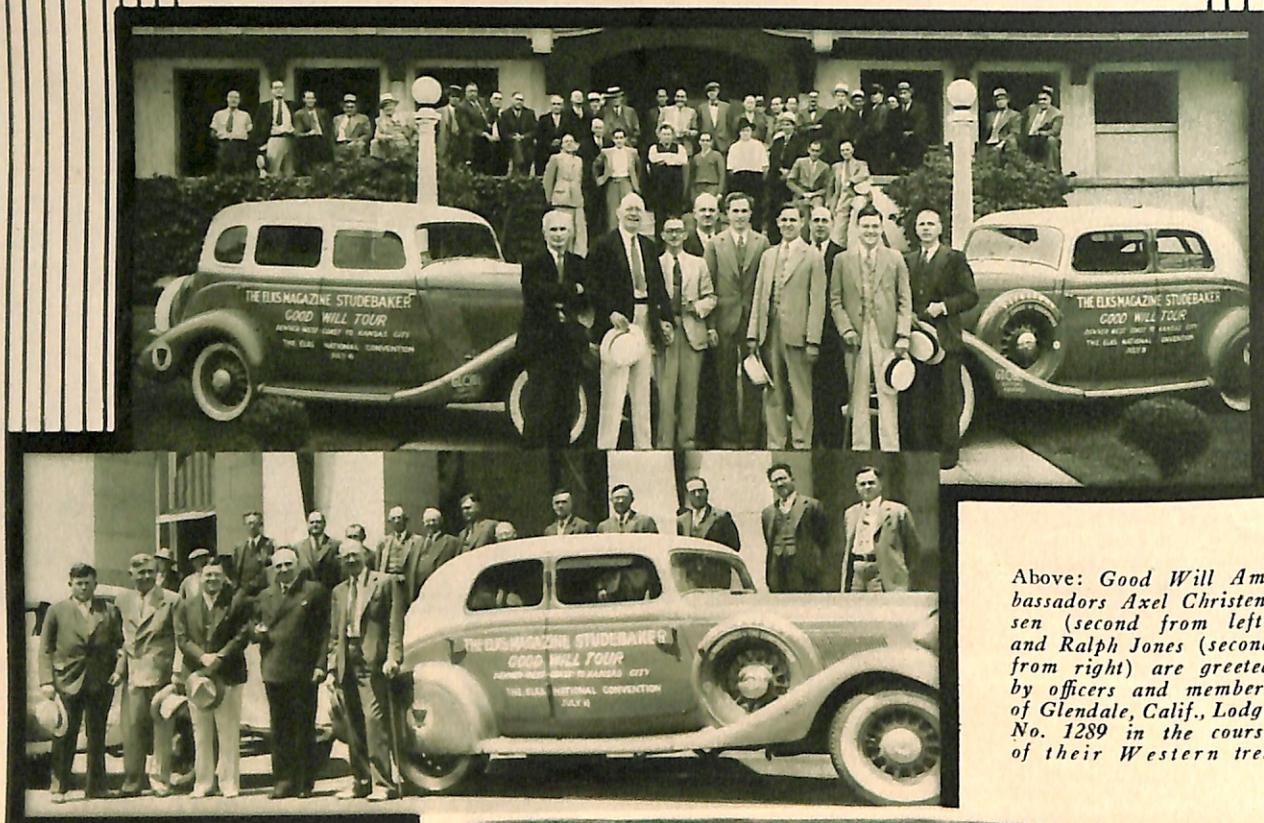
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"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," played by Katharine Cornell for one year on Broadway, is now on the screen with a cast including Katharine Alexander, Fredric March, Norma Shearer, Maureen O'Sullivan and Charles Laughton. Above are the last three in one of the many dramatic scenes

At the right are Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Morgan as Marian and Daniel Forrester in a film version of Willa Cather's book, "A Lost Lady." The locale of the movie is not quite the same as that of the book, but the story, with all its romance and stirring pathos, is almost identical



The Last Round-Up of the 1934 Good Will Tourists



Above: Good Will Ambassadors Axel Christensen (second from left) and Ralph Jones (second from right) are greeted by officers and members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289 in the course of their Western trek

Above: Members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge No. 6 welcome the Western travelers. All along their routes the three pairs of tourists were received most hospitably

Right: Ambassadors Joe Downing (third from left) and Fred Roberts (sixth from right) shake hands with officials and members of Bowling Green, Ohio, Lodge



Left: A big crowd of loyal Elks turned out to greet the tourists at Hutchinson, Kansas, Lodge No. 453. Despite the heat a good time was had by all those present

Right: At Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge No. 131 another big turn-out was staged. Note the flag in the background and the cheerful mien of the officers, brothers and prominent civic officials who were on hand. Pilots Downing and Roberts are in the left foreground





Rex Photo Service

Participants in the 25th Annual Convention of the Virginia State Elks Association, held at Portsmouth, Va., Last August

News of the State Associations

Montana

Approximately 100 delegates attended the Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Assn. which took place in Miles City on Aug. 16-17-18. The business and entertainment sessions were held in the well-appointed Home of Miles City Lodge, No. 537. The annual banquet on the first evening was enjoyed by more than 200 Elks and their guests. Past State Pres. Judge George W. Farr presided. P.D.D. Joe Kelly of Glendive was present at the Convention and took an active part in the proceedings.

The three-day meeting was enlivened by the presence of the Drum and Bugle Corps of Billings Lodge, the Elks Band of Lewistown, the Little German Band from Glendive, and the Miles City Municipal Band. Included in the social activities were boxing bouts, numerous concerts, a ladies' tea, and the annual golf tournament in which Paul Koth of Miles City was the winner.

The business sessions were devoted to discussions of new By-Laws and a Constitution and to the Elks Camp Site on Flathead Lake. Then followed the election and installation of the following officers to serve during the coming year: Pres., Lou F. Grill, Miles City; 1st Vice-Pres., Gus Ott, Butte; 2nd Vice-Pres., Joe Kelly, Glendive; 3rd Vice-Pres., Thomas Corbally, Great Falls; 4th Vice-Pres., Arnold Huppert, Livingston; Treas., S. Arthur Parry, Anaconda; Secy., Arthur Trencerry, Billings, and Trustee for a five-year term, Leon E. Choquette, Havre.

A splendidly planned and executed parade, led by the local American Legion Post, with Drum and Bugle Corps and color bearers, was the closing feature, and was held in the early evening. It was followed by the Annual Convention Ball.

Lou F. Grill, State Pres.

Ohio

An inspiring message from Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., was the high point of the Ohio State Elks Association's Annual Reunion and outing held at Cedar Point and Sandusky, O., Aug. 27-28-29-30-31. The message was read at the business session, held on the 30th, by Pres. William F. Bruning of Cleveland Lodge. Mr. Shannon's words expressed deep feeling for the patriotic aims and achievements of the Order, stressing the importance of the Nation's battle with Communism, against which he has flung the entire force of 500,000 Elks.

The Convention opened at the Breakers Hotel at Cedar Point with State Conservation Commissioner W. H. Reinhart, Past State Pres., presiding. Pres. Bruning and W. C. Graves, a P.E.R. of Cleveland Lodge, were speakers. The Elks Chorus of New Philadelphia Lodge and soloists from other Lodges contributed to the entertainment.

On Tuesday, Aug. 28, Sandusky Lodge

gave a boat ride on Lake Erie. On Wednesday afternoon the first business session was held at which reports of the officers were read. A card party was given at the Breakers Hotel for the ladies, in charge of Mrs. William G. Campbell of Lorain, wife of the First Vice-Pres. of the Assn. In the meantime a golf tournament was in progress at the Plum Brook Country Club near Sandusky. About 100 Elks competed.

On August 30, (Thursday) a parade was held in Sandusky and Cedar Point with six bands heading the various divisions, and with four drum and bugle corps and numerous uniformed organizations much in evidence. Lorain Lodge, with over 100 members in line, headed by the Ladies' Auxiliary,

Past Pres. Norman C. Parr of New Philadelphia Lodge was held. Mrs. Parr was soloist.

New officers of the Assn. were elected to serve for the next year as follows: Pres., William G. Campbell, Lorain; 1st Vice-Pres., Charles W. Casselman, Alliance; 2nd Vice-Pres., Jack Lais, Norwalk; 3rd Vice-Pres., E. B. Le Sueur, Toledo; Secy., Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., William Petri, Cincinnati, and Trustee for three years, Charles L. Haslop, Newark.

At the election of officers of the Past Exalted Rulers Association, Past State Pres. A. Bart Horton of Cincinnati was elected President for the sixth time. The Assn. held a most successful banquet, and at its business session adopted resolutions to organize units of the P.E.R.'s Assn. in all Lodges affiliated with the Ohio State Association.

Fourteen Past State Presidents were present at the business session held on the 30th, as were more than 100 Past Exalted Rulers. A breakfast meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, held by Pres. Bruning, was one of the most successful events of the Reunion. At this meeting plans for the rehabilitation of Ohio Lodges were discussed, the problems of presiding officers and secretaries were brought to light, and many helpful proposals were made.

The last business session, held on Aug. 31, saw the installation of officers, and closed one of the most successful conventions ever held by the Ohio State Elks Assn. The registration exceeded that of a year ago, and the financial reports made by Secy. Hale and Treas. Petri indicated that the Assn. was in good financial condition. Pres. Bruning's address was a complete survey of the condition of the Order in Ohio, showing that the great majority of the subordinate Lodges were thriving.

Past Pres. John C. A. Leppelman, Chairman of the State Rehabilitation Committee, reported much progress in helping Lodges to increase their membership. The Secretary's report showed eight new Lodges

(Continued on page 50)



Nicholson

The Elks State Champion Band, of Noblesville, Ind., Lodge, winners of the State Convention Band Contest held at Anderson, Ind. Raymond Caca directs the Band, while Emmet Fertig is Drum Major



PORTLAND



COLORADO SPRINGS



BOSTON



DALLAS



ATLANTIC CITY

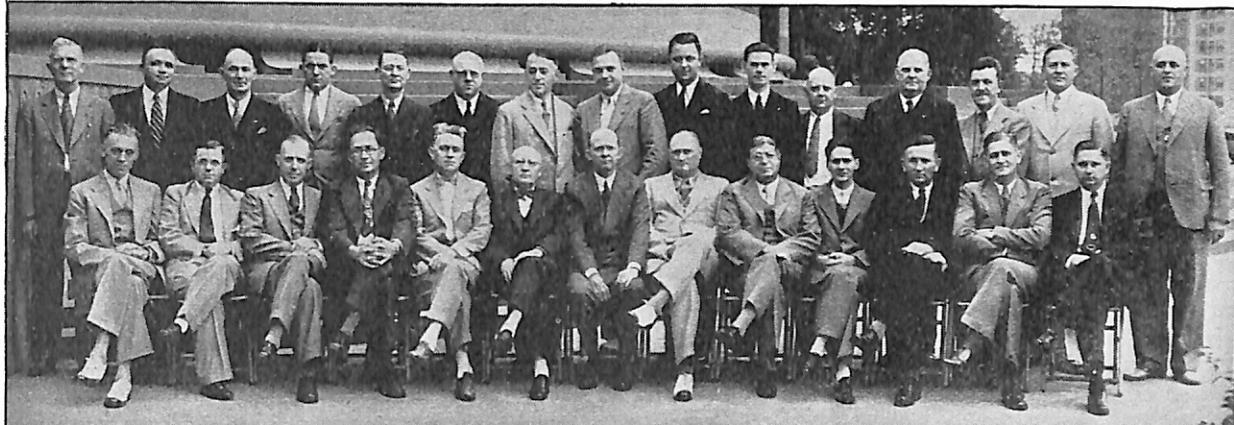
Grand Exalted Ruler Regional District

FOR Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon the high temperatures of Convention Week in Kansas City last July were followed by high pressure weeks of intensive organization work in Chicago at his offices in the Elks' National Memorial Building. From this central point, by telegraph and telephone, he quickly organized his staff of 130 District Deputies in the short space of two weeks.

With messages still pouring in from Lodges the country over pledging unanimous and militant support of his pro-America program of action, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Chicago on August 9th for a three-week, 10,000-mile airplane sweep of the nation in the course of which he held nine Regional Conferences with his newly appointed Representatives from every District.

Preceding each of these Conferences, Mr. Shannon made the most of the opportunities afforded him to interview chiefs of police, inspectors, and radical squad leaders in these nine key cities, in order to get at first hand the police viewpoint on the local problems of Communism. In this way he secured a great amount of practical and valuable information, pertinent parts of which will be passed on to his District Deputies and to the subordinate Lodges in due course.

For the most part, the Conferences were convened at 10 a.m. and adjourned by 5 p.m., with luncheon recesses. In them the Grand Exalted Ruler discussed the administrative problems of the office of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and outlined specifically his program for the year. Primarily he emphasized Acts



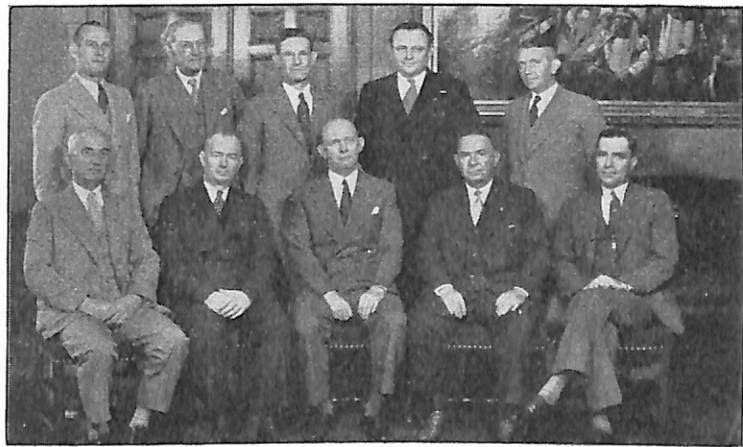
CHICAGO

Michael F. Shannon's Deputy Conferences

of Friendship; pro-Americanism, with detailed recommendations for action; the Order's Youth Movement and its opportunity for future growth through the encouragement of Boy Scout troops and Antler Lodges. Each District Deputy was furnished with a comprehensive booklet presenting the year's program, with sufficient additional copies for each of the Exalted Rulers in his jurisdiction.

THIS memorable flight was attended by many spectacular incidents and thrills, under the skilled piloting of Colonel Roscoe Turner and Clyde Pangborn, and with the services of the experienced mechanic, Don Young. The carefully planned hourly schedule was adhered to virtually without a change in spite of constantly fluctuating weather conditions. One of the stops, for example, was in Cleveland, Ohio, where the year previous Colonel Turner had won the high speed trophy, and where he was to repeat this signal victory in the races of 1934.

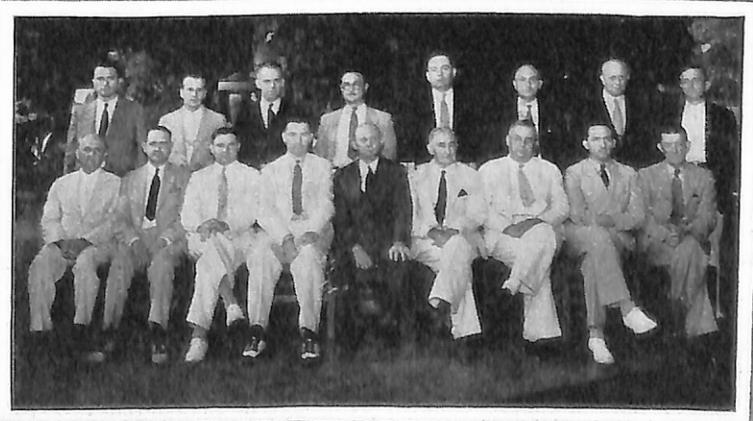
As the accompanying photographs indicate, there was almost a 100-percent attendance of District Deputies at each of these Regional Conferences. Out of the total of 130 District Deputies appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, 122 are shown on these two pages. Furthermore, the interest exhibited in the Grand Exalted Ruler's program was so intense everywhere, and the determination to carry it out so enthusiastically and vehemently expressed, that everybody who attended these sectional meetings—unofficial guests as well as District Deputies—went home with the prediction that the 1934-35 term would be a most outstanding year in Elkdom's history.



SAN FRANCISCO



OMAHA



ASHEVILLE

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



Above: Leon Choquette of Havre, Montana, has four prospective Elks in his family who know their trout streams. Mr. Choquette's four sons were able to provide some needy families with an excellent dinner. This splendid string of fish was caught in the Madison River



Right: J. E. Beale, Guide Bert Avery and Horse Wrangler Warren Duffy of Greybull, Wyo., with their kill of three bears taken on the Middle Fork of Wind River near Meeteetse, Wyo. The picture was sent in by Fred L. Gould, a long-time member of Greybull Lodge

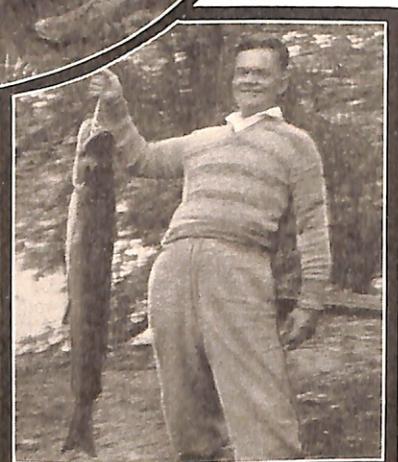


Above: C. W. Illingworth of Ontario, Calif., Lodge with two friends and their catch of sword and sailfish taken in the Gulf of California between daylight and dark. Illingworth claims that anyone wishing to catch a sailfish will not be disappointed if he fishes the many fine locations in the California Gulf

Right: Jack Campbell and George Whittemore of Salt Lake City Lodge decided to show readers of ELKDOM OUTDOORS that Utah was the equal of any State in trout fishing. So they hied themselves to their favorite stream, called "The Strawberry," with the results shown on the right. Nice work on the part of these members

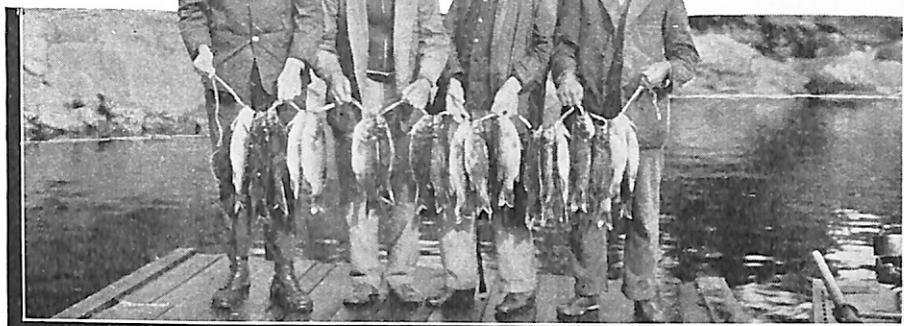


Above: Mrs. Lela M. Hall of East Lynn, Mo., won everything in the line of Ladies' Trophies at the Elks' National Shoot in Kansas City and repeated her brilliant performance at the Grand American Handicap at Vandalia, Ohio



Above: Floyd E. Thompson, P.G.E.R., with a 27-pound musky caught in Lake Rowan in the beautiful Lake of the Woods region of Ontario, Canada

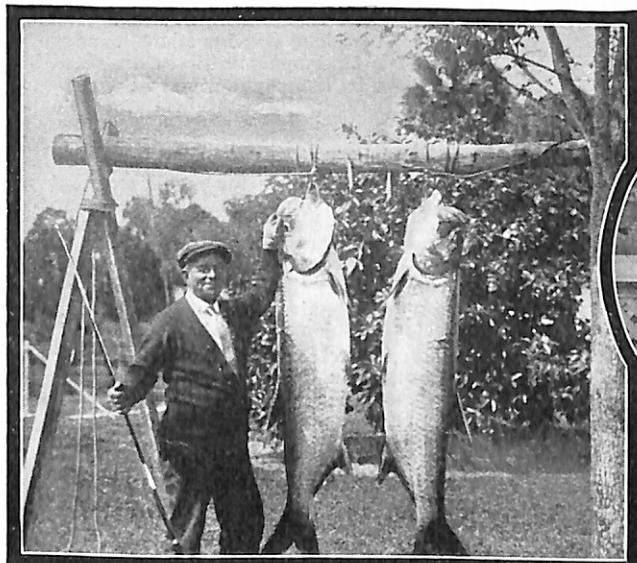




R. C. Swartz of Martins Ferry, Ohio, H. G. Robb of Wheeling, W. Va., J. M. Barton of Martins Ferry and Harry Watterhouse of Wheeling with a fine catch of small mouth bass taken in a day's fishing at Rain Bow Lodge, Pickerel River, Ontario



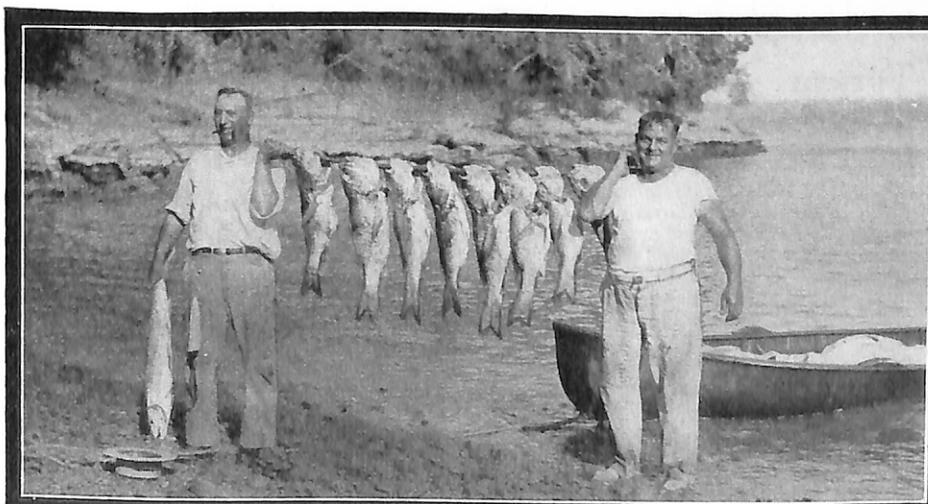
Albert, Edmund and George Garneau of Franklin, N. H., Lodge, with a 10½ pound lake trout taken from Lake Winnepesaukee. This lake offers especially fine fishing



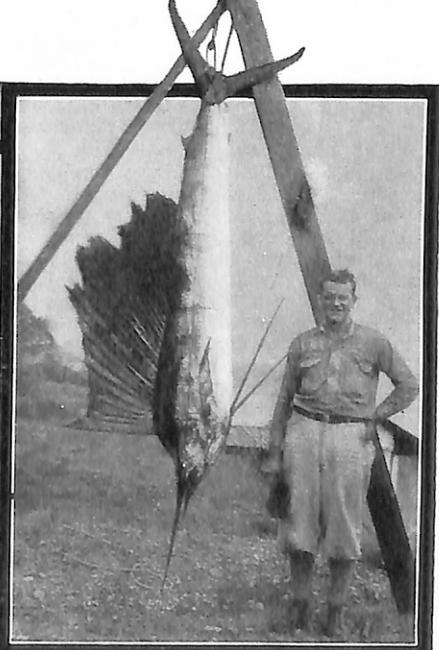
G. M. Redding of Whitesboro, N. Y., with two tarpon caught near Crystal River, Fla. The larger fish required two hours to land. Mr. Redding, an inveterate fisherman, uses scales from the tarpon he catches as calling cards



William A. Allen of Buffalo, N. Y., and his son with seven pike weighing 2½ to 6 pounds caught at the Conklingville Dam in Saratoga County, N. Y.



Bob Kilcorse and Joe Niessel of Panama, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1414, with a catch of carbina and red snapper caught in the plentiful waters of the Pearl Island group near Panama



Chas. B. Lear of Balboa, Canal Zone, Lodge, with a 127-pound sailfish caught on a 12-ounce rod, using a feather bait

The Lynching of Tony Jim

(Continued from page 8)

around with two guns on him, why, we only said that it was high time somebody had nerve enough to call their bluffs.

Tony Jim and Bob Cox was about the closest pardners I ever saw, though Bob was a lot younger. They say Tony picked him up when he was only a young kid knocking around the cow camps, helping the cook or doing anything he could. He began to teach him all the tricks of riding and roping, and before long he had him where he could hold down a cowboy job, with Tony topping off the snaky broncs for him and doing a lot of his other work. By the time they come to work for me, Bob was getting to be a pretty fair hand—he must have been around seventeen then. That would make him about twenty when him and Tony got into the row over Lucy Blake. Tony was around thirty.

ANYWAY, it wasn't long after old Tom Blake died that Tony began to disappear over the hill about once a week, and when he'd come back he'd be sort of hazy as to where he'd been and how many calves he'd branded that day. I never said much about it, because I had so much confidence in him, but finally I began to wonder about it.

Then something happened that sure did surprise me plenty. Tony Jim quit drinking. Just quit flat, without getting into any particular trouble to scare him. We just didn't know what to make of it, but everybody was sure glad to see it, because Tony was just the sort of a fellow that would be a big cattleman some day if he'd save his money and get a start. There was lots of room to build up in those days.

Then one day one of my boys by the name of Curly Jesperson come riding home grinning like he knew a heap and would take his time about telling it. We let on like we didn't notice, knowing that would be the quickest way to get it out of him, and pretty soon he says:

"You all know a cowboy by the name of Tony Jim?"

"Kind of," I says, careless like. "What about him?"

"Well," he says, "Tony has a girl."

"A what?" I says, surprised sort of.

"Yes, sir," he says, "I was over near the Spur Z today, and who do I see ridin' around sort of moon-struck-actin' but Tony and Lucy Blake. I saw 'em get off their horses, and Tony put his arms around her and kissed her."

Well, the kid talking that way made me sort of mad, and I was just fixing to tell him not to go prying into other people's business in future, and if he did happen to see anything to keep his mouth shut, but I happen to look up and there is Bob Cox standing white as a sheet. His eyes were sort of black and snapping, and I sure didn't like the look on his face a bit.

"The dirty son of a so-and-so!" he says. "So that's the kind of pardner Tony Jim is!"

"Heck," I says. "I didn't know you was interested in her, Bob."

"Well, you know it now," he says, "and furthermore, Tony is staying away from the Spur Z after this or we'll see who is the best shot."

"Don't be a fool, Bob," I told him. "Tony could draw his gun and empty it while you're startin' to draw."

He stood staring at me a minute, with his lips sort of white and thin, and says he:

"I know it. But if you think Tony's going to double-cross me and get away with it, you can think again."

"Listen here, son," I says to him, "if Lucy likes Tony Jim better than she does you, that's her business, and Tony's."

"The hell it is!" he sort of snarls at me, looking powerful mean. "It's my business if Lucy has been just stringing me along, and going with Tony all the time. And Tony had no call to start goin' over there after he knew me an' Lucy was just as good as engaged to be married. Me an' Tony is goin' to settle this as soon as he gets home."

Well, I sure had to do some quick thinking. I knew I had to keep them apart a few days till Bob cooled off. I just turned to him, and I says:

"Well, Bob, I can't let you boys' private affairs interfere with the cow work. I was just telling Red Elliot that you an' him had to start out for Red Rock Tanks this evening, an' stay three or four days to brand up what calves you find. You can see Tony after you get back."

Bob looks mad at me, and he says I just thought that up, but Red was standing there and he swears I told him about it an hour before—nobody wanted any shooting scrapes coming up in the outfit, especially between two pardners like Bob and Tony Jim. I had to talk like a Dutch uncle, but I finally got them started off with their bed horses and a pack mule. I sure didn't like the look on Bob's face a bit as he rode off.

Well, it seemed like the more Bob thought about it the madder he got. In spite of all I said, here he comes back to the ranch next evening. I could see that he had his six-shooter all oiled up, and the bottom of his holster was tied down with a saddle string so that he could make a quick draw.

But that didn't help him none, because I'd figured he might come back and I'd sent Tony off to stay at a camp I had over near Bald Mountain. The boys all let on like he had gone to Prescott on a holiday—like I say, none of them wanted any shooting to come up. We hadn't said anything to Tony about Bob being gunning for him, because when any one went gunning for Tony we knew he would go right out to meet him, either to talk it over or shoot it out, whichever he wanted. We knew Bob was too mad to talk.

I thought I'd fixed everything fine, and that after a few days Bob would cool off enough to talk it over. That might have worked only for what come up—you never know what is going to come up unexpected.

THURSDAY night Red Eliot went to town for a holiday. And Friday morning here he comes flagging it back with his horse a lather of sweat and near dead from running. There wasn't no one at the ranch but me and Bob Cox, the other boys having gone out on the range already and wouldn't be back till night. Bob was snapping out some green broncs in the round corral, and I was staying around to help him throw them and saddle them, and just to be handy in case anything comes up like him getting hurt. When I seen Red come riding like mad that way, I knew something sure serious was wrong, and I run out to meet him.

Well, there was plenty wrong all right. Tony Jim was in jail, and Red said it looked mighty like they were going to lynch him. A posse had caught the Guyon gang in Red Canon, and they got Tony Jim camping with them, which made it look mighty bad for him. Like you said, the Guyon gang sort of specialized on stealing fine horses, but they was ready to turn their

hands to pretty near anything that got people hung.

And that wasn't all of it. The whole gang had broke out during the night, killing two deputies in doing it. The name of that deputy you couldn't find out was Jim Briscoe, and he used to work for the Box Bar. He was a quiet, easy-going sort of feller, and he'd been deputy under Harry Bates two terms.

It looked plain enough that the gang had help from outside to get them guns, but knowing that now didn't do any good. Red said the town was going wild about it, and even as early as when he left there was some talk of stringing up Tony Jim to get even with the others. Nobody stopped to think that it was mighty funny about Tony being left behind if he was one of the gang. People was sure stirred up over them killings.

Red said the sheriff let him up to see Tony a minute, and Tony told him he was hunting a stray horse when he run onto the Guyon boys' camp, and they asked him to stay all night. Tony claimed he didn't even know who they were. I reckon he must have seen there was something wrong with them to be camping out in such a place, but I figure he thought it would be sort of fun to spend a night with them.

ME and Red talked it over a bit, and we decided to ride to town and see what we could do for him. I was sure wishing Red had got out half an hour earlier, before the boys left for the day; if I'd had all of them with me, likely Tony Jim never would have got lynched. That's why Red nearly killed his horse coming out, to get the boys, but he just couldn't make it.

Bob Cox had come out of the corral and was listening to all of it. Pretty soon I says to him:

"Well, Bob, how about it? We're sticking by Tony Jim—how about you?"

He shows his teeth sort of spiteful.

"How did Tony Jim stick by me?" he says.

"Heck, Bob!" I says to him, "you and Tony been pardners a mighty long time. I know he'd sure like to be friends with you before—" I didn't finish it. "Hung" is sure an ugly word when you're saying it of some one you know well.

Bob turned his back on me without saying a thing, and I sent Red out to wrangle the horses. I didn't say a thing until I saw him coming down the ridge with them, and then I walked over to Bob.

"Well, Bob," I says, "how about it?"

"How?" he says. "Well, I figure that story of Tony's sounds sort of raw, to put it mild. He'd seen pictures of the Guyons, like the rest of us. I been suspectin' a long time there was something wrong with him. How come fifteen of your best horses was picked out and stole a while back, if some one in the outfit wasn't mixed up in it?"

Well, it took me a long time to get my speech back, but when I did what I said to Bob was sure plenty. I don't think I ever was madder in my life. He didn't even let on to hear me. He just saddled his best horse, jumped on it, and lit out over the hill in a high lope. Natural enough, he wouldn't feel like riding with Red and me after the things I'd called him.

Me and Red got in town along about noon, and what Red had told me wasn't the half of it. The whole town was sure excited, with men drunk and yelling all over the street. The sheriff looked mighty un-

easy; there were so many people he knew he couldn't do anything. And I reckon he was thinking of his two deputies that had got shot and figuring somebody ought to pay for it. He wouldn't even let me and Red up to see Tony, but he took a message up for us.

Poor Tony sent word back that there was nothing we could do for him, but to give his saddle and everything to his pardner Bob Cox. It sure got me plenty, him saying that, and thinking of Bob right up to last, you might say.

We'd bought a bottle of whiskey for Tony, figuring he needed something to brace him up, but he sent it back to us with the word that he'd quit drinking and didn't want it. The sheriff said Tony was kind of white, but he hadn't lost his nerve.

Then who comes dashing up but Lucy Blake, her horse a lather of sweat and staggering, she'd run it so hard. Course, what she wanted was to see Tony Jim, but the sheriff says he won't let any one up. I sort of whisper to him, and I says:

"Harry, maybe you don't know that Lucy is Tony Jim's girl."

"Oh!" he says. "Is that so?"

He looked right at her. I could see a little bit of color come into her face, which was white as paper, and she nodded her head kind of.

"Oh, well," he said, "if that's the case—" and he stepped to one side so that she could pass.

But he didn't let her stay long. I was across the street when she come out in about five minutes. She had her handkerchief to her eyes and the poor kid was crying. She had to feel around for her saddlehorn and reins, but she managed to get mounted and she rode off slow down the street, all bent over in the saddle.

Right then I felt sorrier for poor Lucy than I did for Tony Jim. A man is expected to stand a lot, but it's different with a girl—she needs to be looked after and sort of protected from things. Some people might say she shouldn't have gone back on Bob, but a girl can't help who she falls in love with, and anyway I think Bob was taking too much for granted because she'd let him come to see her a time or two.

I WAS feeling mighty blue about that time, so me and Red went into Heiser's saloon—it was on the corner where that big new store is now. And there at the bar stood Bob Cox, crazy drunk and setting them up to the house, him that I never saw drunk because Tony Jim wouldn't let him. I went cold all over when I heard what he was saying.

"Boys," he was shouting, "I've knowned all the time he was a crook, and stealing horses from the outfit. What I say, stringing up is all too good for a skunk like Tony Jim, but I reckon it's the best we can do."

I seen Red turn sort of gray and his hand started down to his gun, but I crowded him and pushed him out the door. To tell the truth, it wouldn't have taken much to make

me myself start shooting—I was sort of hot and cold all over—both at the same time.

We went over to Murphy's place and ordered drinks. But somehow they didn't taste right and mostly we just stood staring into our glasses and listening to all the yelling on the street. The town sure was wild that day.

Pretty soon we heard a lot of yelling and shooting down toward the jail, and then a crowd, all howling at once, come up the street toward us. They're shoving poor Tony Jim ahead with his hands tied behind him, and that dirty little rat of a Bob Cox is right behind him jabbing him in the small of the back with his six-shooter.

Tony turned his head and looked at him.

"Well, you little rat," he says, "if you're such a good hangman, why don't you promise?"

"Hell, yes—I'll promise!" shouted Bob. "An' this is to seal the bargain," and he slapped Tony right across the face as hard as he could, him with his hands tied so he could do nothing.

About that time some of the fellers out on the edge of the crowd start cussing and saying to take Bob away and let some one else do it—I could see that some of them was getting pretty sick from seeing how the thing was going. But Bob Cox put his hand on his gun and says that if any one else

wants to do it, let him step up like a man and say so to his face. Nobody wanted to shoot it out with him over it, so they let him go ahead.

Well, Bob got the loop straight on Tony's neck, and with the knot under one ear. Then he started laughing drunk-like and fixed Tony's big silk handkerchief over it careful, and straightened Tony's hat on his head. He said he wanted him to look pretty when he got him up there. Then Bob tried to mount his horse, but he was so drunk that he'd have fell if he hadn't hung onto the stirrup leather. But he tried again, and he made it, and he took his winds on the saddle horn.

Then, yelling something I wouldn't want to repeat, he put the spurs to his horse. Tony give a sort of jerk, and his head twisted sideways sudden, and he goes sailing up until his head nearly hit the limb. He kicked a time or two, sort of jerky, and then he's just hanging up there limp looking. Bob tied the end of his rope to a limb, to hold him there, and he began to laugh up at him. And then, pretty soon, a big fly come and lit on poor Tony's nose.

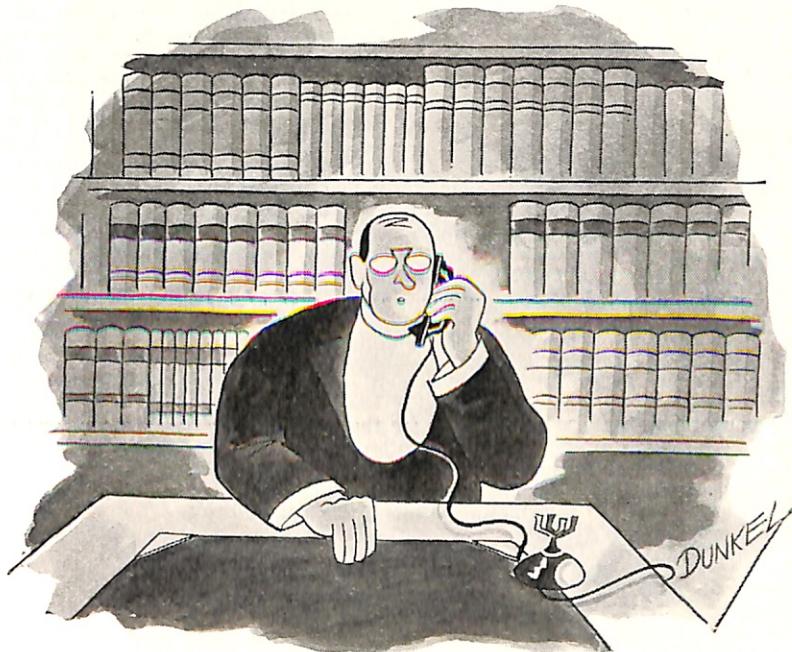
It was getting near dark by that time, and the crowd all began to drift off—and I got to say that most of them was pretty sick looking and not a bit proud of themselves. But Bob Cox stayed right there, waving a whiskey bottle up at Tony and leering at him and cussing him something terrible.

JUST about that time I heard shooting and yelling back in town, and when I turned around I seen a red light growing mighty fast back there, and somebody yelled that the Boston Store was on fire. It was a wonder to me, with all the drinking going on that day, that the whole town wasn't burned up sooner.

Me and Red turned and run back toward town, and so did every one else. But we got only half way when it come to me sudden that here was a chance to cut poor Tony Jim down and bury him decent. We went running back, but some one had cut him down already and he was gone, so we went dragging back to town with our heads hanging. That fire was only an old barn out near the shipping pens.

Nobody ever did learn where Tony Jim was buried, but it was said that Lucy Blake

(Continued on page 36)



"You say you want to go places and do things? Are you sure you have the right number, Miss?"

Bob sure was a disgusting sight. He was reeling drunk; so drunk that he'd lost his hat somewhere, and one of his spurs. He was all dirty and dusty where he'd fell down in the street a couple of times.

WELL, all me and Red could do was to stay as near poor Tony as we could, so we took out with the crowd, our feet dragging. Tony saw us, and he turned his face over toward us, and sort of grinned, sickly looking.

"Adios, pardners," he says. He was gray in the face, but he held his head up and walked straight along with his spurs jingling. Tony sure had nerve.

We followed along to the bit of cottonwoods near the Nelson place, and Bob Cox picked out a high limb and throwed his lass-rope over it. He staggered up to Tony and sort of grinned in his face.

"Well, how you like it, you double-crossin' skunk?" he says, and he slaps the loop down over Tony's head.

Tony let on like he don't hear him, though I knew it must have nearly killed him that Bob was doing it, after he'd been so good to him always.

"Boys," says Tony to the crowd. "I want to ask one favor of you: when you get me strung up, I'd sure like it if you wouldn't shoot at me none, to mess me up."

Bob Cox sort of leered in his face, and he says:

"Tony, you won't need no shooting after I get through with you."

(Continued from page 35) . . . cut him down and buried him out on her ranch, and that sounds pretty likely to me—but I sure hate to think of her doing it.

Well, that's how the thing really happened, and it's not much like you had in the paper. None of the people that saw it is here any more, only me. When everyone got sober next morning, Bob Cox found he wasn't as popular as he might be, so he had to quit the country, and I reckon he got hung long ago. Pretty soon the Blake girls sold out and left the country and that's the last we heard of them.

* * * *

EDITOR, the Weekly ——,

Arizona:

I wrote the above letter three years ago when you was running them pieces about old-timers in the paper, but after I read it over and saw how bad my writing was and all, somehow I didn't send it to you. Anyway, it looked like just writing it down got some of the peeve out of my system.

Then, day before yesterday, something come up that showed me I didn't know no more about the Tony Jim lynching than anybody else.

I was in town that day to get the mail, and I got a letter from Riggs & Jackson, the big cattlemen down in the southern part of the State I heard so much about. They said them and their wives was going to visit the Grand Canon, and they was going to stop at my place over night and see me about some registered rams they sold me.

I run a cow outfit, and never bought no sheep from nobody. It sort of peeved me to say I'd been buying rams, but I figured they had me mixed up with that other Bradford over in Sandy Valley, so I told

the cook to fix up a couple of rooms for them anyway, even if they had gone into sleep.

Well, along near dark they all come driving up in a big car that must be one of them new ones with sixteen cylinders. I sure wished I could afford one like it, but my little outfit isn't a patch on the Riggs & Jackson holdings.

They started to get out of the car. One of them looked mighty young to have such a big outfit—he didn't look to be fifty yet. The other was older, but plenty spry. The younger one just walked up to me and took off his hat so that I could see him good, and stood grinning like he was waiting for me to recognize him.

I stood looking at him puzzled a while, knowing I had seen him somewhere before, and all at once it come to me. It was Bob Cox.

"Drift!" I yells, and I reached inside the door for my carbine.

"Hold on, Dan!" yelled one of the women, and she came running out of the car. You could have knocked me down with a feather. In spite of her looking older, I saw right away that it was Lucy Blake, that used to be Tony Jim's girl. From how she was acting, I could see plain that her and Bob was married.

"Lucy," I says, "I never said a wrong word yet to a woman, but that goes for you too—drift!"

"Dan," she says, half laughing and half crying, "I wish you'd let us get a word in edgewise before you start shooting."

"Word about what?" I says, and I throws the carbine open to see that it's loaded.

"Why," she says, sort of puzzled looking about how to put it quick, "about how Bob came raving over to the Spur Z that day and gave me the cussing of my life, and told

me to hurry up and go to town with him so that we could save Tony Jim. He said I could marry Tony and be—uh—something to me, for he wasn't going back on a pardner for any blanked girl ever lived."

Bob himself butted in sort of soothing:

"You see, Dan, it was that danged fool Curly—he seen Tony riding with Kate, and thought it was Lucy here—sort of figured Kate wouldn't go with nobody after what happened to her."

"Well," I says, "a fine job you two done of saving him!" and I cocked the hammer on the carbine and began to raise it.

"Hold on!" yelled Bob.

He pulled a little piece of rusted steel out of his pocket. I could see it was a piece of a spur twisted into the shape of a letter S.

"That," says Bob, "is what Lucy took up to the jail to him—and a piece of rope. He tied the rope around his chest under his shirt, with this on it and hooked on his collar. All I had to do was slip the loop in this hook and hide it with his neckerchief, and he'd get the pull on his chest instead of his neck. Lucy was watching from back in town, ready to set fire to that old barn as soon as she saw him go up—to draw the crowd away."

I felt so weak and trembly that I set down the carbine and leaned against the post of the gallery.

"You—you mean," I says, "Tony Jim wasn't hung."

About that time the older man gets out of the car and walks up to me sort of chuckling, but there was a look on his face like if he didn't chuckle he'd cry.

"Dan, you old reprobate," he says, whaling me on the shoulder, "I'll take it personal if you say I look so old you can't reckernize me. How about some dinner for me and Kate?"

The Perfect Play

(Continued from page 11)

recover from the shock of those quickly executed unorthodox plays. That was back in 1896.

"No, perfect plays don't come very often. Still less often does a sequence of three plays lead to a touchdown from the kickoff. But coming down to the present decade, the nearest I can get to it is a series of two perfect plays in one game. That was in the California-Stanford game of 1924. No Californian will forget it, either. For pure drama and sheer thrills, I don't know of a game that tops it in all my experience. And for hard, clean football, too, with heady, smart playing. The interest was so intense that one spectator fell dead in the stands. Over eighty thousand roaring fans watched that game.

"The California Bears, you remember, had dominated football in the West and had consistently crushed all opposition for a decade. It was my first season with Stanford. Up to the last five minutes of the game Stanford looked like a hopelessly beaten team. The score was 20 to 6 against us. The crowd started to leave. Bettors left their stakes in the hands of unknown holders, thinking it was all over. Five minutes more and it would be.

"My boys had played their hearts out all afternoon. They wanted so to win that game. They were still trying their hardest. They didn't give up. They worked the ball to the California forty-two yard line. Then they uncovered our ace play. They lined up in regular double wingback formation. The play started to the right. It looked like a powerful end run. The two ends flashed down the field, both bearing unmistakably

to the left. The right wingback drove straight down the field. California was in the quandary of seeing the ball behind the line go hard to the right while the two ends were going down fast and to the left. It was a forward pass. The secondary defense moved over to cover the ends converging at the left. The passer faded back. The pass went to the lone right wingback who, once past the secondary, swerved to the right, took the pass over his shoulder and went for a touchdown. A perfect play. The goal was good. Score, 20 to 13.

"Three minutes left. California kicked off. We took the ball on line plays for one first down, and then the boys gambled again. Time was getting down to seconds. They lined up in the same double wingback formation. The play started to the right. The two ends flashed down the field and to the left. The right wingback, alone, drove straight down the field. It was the same forward pass play. The California secondaries scampered to cover the right wingback who had received that last touchdown pass. The pass went to the left end, far down the left side of the field. A touchdown. Another perfect play. The goal was good. Score, 20 to 20. In less than five minutes my boys had tied the score by twice executing perfectly slight variations of the same play.

"The third receiver on this play was still available," concluded the Old Master with a broad smile, "but we didn't have time to run off another play."

So that's the perfect play that stopped the Bears—doubly perfect because it was twice performed within a few minutes.

From that time on, Pop Warner's Stanford teams made Coast football history.

HARRY STUHLDREHER, Villanova's football mentor, one of the Notre Dame Four Horsemen—those dashing young steeds of Knute Rockne's who rode behind the Seven Mules right into the football Hall of Fame—is a different type of coach. He doesn't look like a football coach. He is short, sturdy but not stocky. He has an intellectual face, like a young college instructor or a junior executive. He doesn't look "athletic." What, then, is the secret of Harry's football ability? He is quick, physically; and alert, mentally. There you have it, and he is a natural born football player. He loves the game.

"Football coaching has changed," said Harry. "The old days of the loudest voice, toughest hide and biggest fist are passing into the limbo of ancient ways whence the flying wedge, the tandem and similar mass plays have happily departed. Same with coaching. The newer way is the study and tutoring of the individual varsity player; the old way, wholesale group instruction, dealing out general principles and numbered plays. Today each player is studied and handled as an entity.

"That was one of Rockne's strong points. He knew how to place his men and how to get the best out of them. Of course, I don't credit Rockne's results to that alone. Actually I don't think there is any one thing that can be pointed to as the underlying principle of his uncanny successes. He was many-sided. For example, he had a positive

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(Continued from page 36)

flair for football strategy; many of his plays are classics. Yet there is little new in football tactics that he originated. The shift, which he did not invent, bears his name because he brought it to such high degree of perfection. Then there was his personality.

"But of all the factors that went to make up Knute Rockne's success, my opinion is that it was his insistence on perfection of detail that brought the marvelous results he got year after year. He insisted on and took nothing less than perfection in executing an assignment, down to the smallest detail. He inculcated that same standard in each of us."

"I am thinking of a play, 'a perfect play,' that demonstrates this. It occurred in one of the most difficult games I ever played in. That was the Northwestern game in 1924 when we dedicated Soldiers' Field at Chicago. Close? Within a fraction of an inch of not winning it! One detail, perfectly executed, put over the winning touchdown. An almost negligible but tremendously valuable detail, as it turned out, won that game. Northwestern had a fine team that year. They played splendid football all that day, with both teams wallowing in an ocean of mud. The score was 6 to 6 at the end of the half."

"To understand the hard time we had with Northwestern I must tell about our Nebraska game the previous Saturday. For two years in succession Nebraska had beaten us. In '22 they set us back 14 to 6, and in '23, 14 to 7. These were the only games we lost those years. Then came the 1924 game. You can guess what we proposed to do. We did. We put everything we had into that game and smeared them 34 to 6. What a game! I will always consider it one of the finest our team played. Notice that Nebraska wasn't blanked; they put over a touchdown in spite of our opposition."

"Followed then the Northwestern game. It's not an alibi but an actual fact—that we were all in. The Nebraska triumph brought its inevitable reaction, and Northwestern was all primed for this dedicatory game. It had rained all week. Overhead play was out of the question. The ball was so slippery we fumbled it continually. We could hardly kick it, the going was so bad, although Northwestern miraculously managed to get two field goals over the bars, due to "Moon" Baker's accurate toe. All we could do was to keep plowing through the mud. We stuck to line plays."

"We were soaked to the skin. For the second half we put on a complete change of clothing. By dint of bruising work we slowly rammed the ball down the field. It wasn't a march; it was a plug. We used straight line plays. Mostly off-tackle slants. The opening was there. We kept picking up yardage with these slants. Sometimes a yard—sometimes five. Then only a couple. At last we reached the 8-yard line. It was first down, goal to go."

"Bear in mind that coming down the field we had been going off-tackle to both sides. As we came nearer the goal line, the defense, like an accordion, drew closer together. That was natural. The secondaries closed in to back up the line. The ends drew toward the center in order to stop our line plays. There was our opportunity."

"We went into a huddle. It was now or never; we were too worn out to put on another drive. We had to put over a touchdown right then or we were sunk. We lined up. The Northwestern ends were hugging their tackles. There was the detail."

"Shift! The ball was snapped. The play was the same familiar off-tackle slant to the right. But instead of turning the end out and driving between tackle and end as is regularly done on this play, we turned the end in, boxing him with his tackle. The play went for a touchdown and won the

game. That little detail was the deciding factor in this hard fought and, to both of us, tremendously important, game."

"A fine example of Rockne's precept of perfection of detail, don't you think? A 'perfect play' that won the game for Notre Dame!"

"I DON'T think there is any sure-fire play," said the gridiron wizard, Andy Kerr, whose Colgate teams have earned country-wide recognition and the respectful title of the Red Raiders. "The defense prevents that. They may have been regularly using a six-man line and a 2-2-1 secondary and in your game suddenly switch to a seven-man line and a box secondary. Or vice versa. Or they may play a roving center. Or they may change the line-up from play to play, according to what they figure you are going to do. Where is your sure-fire play then? That's what makes football what it is: a game of brain as well as brawn."

"My offensive plays are all designed on the elementary basis of power and deception combined. I say elementary because I have to develop my football material. I haven't had more than five sophomore regulars on my varsity teams in the five years I've been here. That is also the problem, I suspect, of most of the coaches at the smaller colleges. I get many men who never played football before, who must be developed from the ground up. People have an idea I am fortunate enough to get a high type of player here—that is, star players. Nothing is further from the truth. The student body of Colgate is limited to 1,000. Each year some 350 are freshmen. The students are carefully selected. They must have a proper general background and they must pass stiff scholastic standards. And finally they must continue to maintain those standards."

Andy Kerr, Jr., is attending Colgate. Andy Senior is a graduate of Dickinson. Back in the memorable 1924 California-Stanford game, Andy was Pop Warner's backfield coach. In 1926 he came East and since then has put Colgate on the football map, notably with his famous spin plays. Peppy and forceful, Andy Kerr is a football strategist, a veritable gridiron wizard.

"Developing football teams here," he continued, "is like raising a family. There's a lot of satisfaction in watching the youngsters grow and in building them up into something worthwhile. But just as you get them to the point where they're doing some good, pfft!—off they go and you have to start over again."

"That's why my plays are based on the average run of players. As I said, they're designed on the basis of combining power and deception. Deception alone is not enough. There must be power behind the play to combat and overcome opposition from the physical standpoint. Like Warner, I believe that every play must gain ground. But I believe in more than power. I contend that there must be a mental twist to a play. Deception must do its part if the play is to achieve what it should. Only then does it come closest to being a 'perfect play.'

"Take our game in 1932 with New York University. And there is opposition—formidable opposition I mean to tell you. They put out powerful, smart teams. An N.Y.U.-Colgate game is always a close, hard struggle. I must confess that they always keep me on tenter-hooks throughout every minute of play. The outcome is never certain. The football public senses this and the games are well attended. In 1932 N.Y.U. had a heavy, fast team. I knew we had a job on our hands, and I figured the best way was to secure a 'psychological' advantage. That is, to get the jump by scoring as early as possible. A score is a big advantage in a closely matched game—if your boys don't let down.

"The kick-off went over the goal and we

started on our 20-yard line. We started hammering away at the left side of their line and brought the ball to our 45-yard mark, first down. The first play was a line buck, good for three yards. On the next play we lined up in our regular double wing back formation. The ball was snapped. The quarterback spun around to the left and, hugging his arms together, ran to the right. However, he didn't have the ball. The fullback received the ball, spun around to the right and started running just behind the quarter. Then he faded back. It was a forward pass.

"In the meantime, both ends were driving fast down the field, bearing to the left. Alongside the right end ran the right wing-back. The moment the wingback passed the secondary defense he turned sharply to the right and raced for the long forward pass, taking it on the dead run. He went over for a touchdown, not a hand being laid on him.

"So in the first eight minutes of play the score became 7 to 0 in our favor. That was the touchdown that won the game. In the last quarter, when we really didn't need it, we made another touchdown, the game ending 14 to 0.

"Analyze this play. First the double spin. By double spin I mean two men spinning full around. Then there's the running play that starts to the right. But the forward pass movement down the field is to the left. Yet the actual receiver cuts to the right just before he receives. The deception in this play is enough to keep any defense guessing. As the passer fades back, note how the guards come out of the line to protect him. That's the power. It is used where it is needed most."

"Yes, it's what you might call a 'perfect play.' It wins touchdowns for Colgate—in 1932 we were unbeaten, untied and unscored on. A perfect record!"

ARÉ you a true-blue, patriotic American? Do you remove your hat and place it over your left breast when the Flag passes by? Do you stop talking and stand at attention facing the music when the National Anthem is played? Then you are qualified to visit that truly American and really beautiful place, the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Meet Garrison H. Davidson, First Lieut., C.E. (C.E. means Corps of Engineers. It shows he was graduated so well up in his class that he could choose this Corps, which is most attractive in the variety of service offered and in the versatility required of its officers. The work ranges from building Panama Canals, erecting bridges, constructing roads, forts and towns and dredging rivers and harbors, to coaching football teams.)

In Lieut. Davidson you are greeting a fine specimen of young American manhood, an upstanding example of the typical West Point graduate—as real a product as there is to be found on this terrestrial sphere. This smiling, husky young man with the frank, open countenance is only thirty years old, although he is prematurely gray. Graduated in 1927, he became an Assistant Coach and doubled as Instructor in Natural and Experimental Philosophy. Last year he was appointed Head Coach and justified it by sending the Army team through a heavy schedule with but one defeat.

"The basis of successful football," said Gar, "is a spirit that is real. I honestly believe that is the foundation of our success. There is a spirit here in the Academy that makes for the finest kind of teamwork, above and aside from the regulation discipline. I think our successful 1933 season was the result of a fine combination of spirit and teamwork. We had a heavy schedule and a light team. Only two men

(Continued on page 40)



HERE, GENTLEMEN, ARE NAMES TO REMEMBER!

Cora Italian and French Vermouths, Silver Crest distilled Gin, Cosmos Blended Whiskey, Maple Grove Straight Whiskey, Bebida Cuban Rum, Harvest Home Scotch, and rare Old Crow Bourbon, 4 Summers Old—as illustrated! Also Bulloch Lade's Scotch Whiskies (both Gold Label and Old Rarity), Burnett's London Gins, Dolfi Cordials, Drambuie (Britain's premier liqueur) Mexican Habanero, Henkell Rhine and

Moselle Wines, Wm. Jameson's Irish Whiskey, Jimenez Sherry, Kirschwasser Berghof, Santa Alicia California Wines and Brandy, Roffignac Cognac, and Pommery and Pol Roger Champagnes! Great names... all represented in the United States by a century-old distributor whose quality standards since 1833 have built throughout the world a name of outstanding character: McKesson.

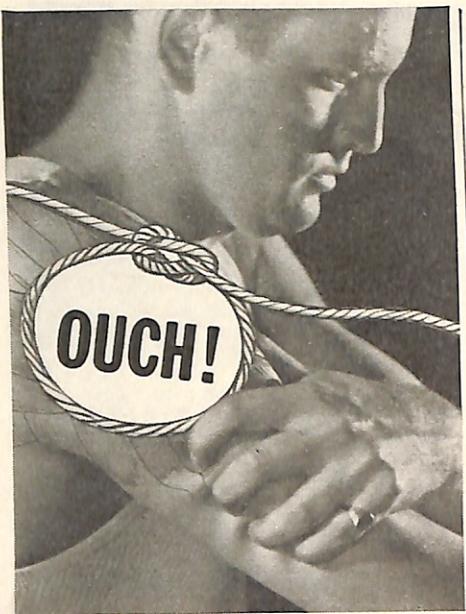
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Feel that KNOT of PAIN fade away

WHAT a difference you feel, almost the instant you start to rub aching, throbbing spots of pain with good old Absorbine Jr.

It seems to spread a soothing, warming glow right down to the deepest point of the congestion—muscles tight with pain begin to relax. And then, as your hand moves back and forth over that sore spot, you feel a warm comforting glow, quickly followed by soothing coolness as the knot of pain eases away.

For forty years, the most famous coaches, trainers and athletes have used Absorbine Jr. and praised it—for bruises, strains, sprains and aching muscles. You certainly ought to keep a bottle in your home. It saves a lot of suffering—and it's also a fine antiseptic for cuts and burns.

You can get Absorbine Jr. at all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. It is economical to use—only a few drops are necessary per application. For free sample, write today to

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Massachusetts

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness

(Continued from page 38)
on the varsity weighed over two hundred pounds. We had no All-American players—no Oliphant, no Price, no Cagle. Our success was the work of a unit.

"Did we stress speed, strategy, overhead play, kicking or power? Well, we used our share of all of them. From a military standpoint I suppose we like to stress strategy. We even go so far as to use plays for deception only—'screen' plays—to mask the play that follows."

THE Lieutenant sent out for what he called the "game charts." These proved to be large cardboard sheets, one for each game, on which every play was charted in sequence. With the chart in front of you, the game can be played all over again, precisely as it happened. Fascinating! They provide an invaluable guide to improvement and development. Just like a textbook on military tactics. And why not? Football is a battle in miniature. Its attacks and retreats are subjects for careful study; its strategems matters for detailed analysis. The charts show the movements on the battlefield.

"Here's the Yale game last year," said Gar, bringing out a well-marked chart and laying it down on his desk. "Here's the touchdown we put over by strategy. I suppose it could be called a 'perfect play.'

"The strategy was brought about in a series of three plays. The first two were designed solely to mask the third play, the third being the one that put over the touchdown. Here's how it went: we fought our way down the field, as you see by these plays on the chart, largely through line plunges and sweeps—end runs to you. Yale was putting up determined opposition. As you can see we used four downs for every ten-yard gain except one. We finally managed to get to the 6-yard line. It was first down, goal to go. Yale was tightening up the nearer we got to that coveted goal line. Power alone would never get us over. Yale was fighting too hard. You know the old bulldog spirit. Let me tell you it's mighty real. So we used this strategy to get through that defense.

"Our first play was a sweep to the weak side. I say 'weak side' because we employ an unbalanced line. The play started from a single wingback formation—note that point. You can see how hard Yale was in there fighting. The play gained only one yard. It accomplished our purpose, however—that of keeping the defense spread out.

"The second play was a sweep to the strong side. It started from a double wingback formation—note that point. There was real power on this play, but look how Yale was rushing us. The play lost two yards. But again, our purpose was accomplished. The play was used to keep the defense opened up.

"THIRD down now. Seven yards to go to a touchdown. We lined up again in single wingback formation, the same as for the first play. The ball was snapped. The fullback, hugging his arms together, raced to the weak side as in the first play. Yale knew this play. They had stopped it cold. They swarmed over to down the fullback dead in his tracks. They rushed in to stop him before he got by the line of scrimmage. And they did. But the quarterback had the ball. He took the pass direct from center and, in a quick, straight line plunge, drove between guard and tackle. Through a hole in the line he plunged for a touchdown. There was no one to stop him, once he got by the line, and our linemen did their part. The defense had been kept spread out by the first two plays; the third play put over the touchdown where it wasn't expected."

Neat, eh? "Perfect play" strategy, that is. More power to you this year, Lieutenant Davidson!

AN untried team the second season as football coach! That's the record hung up by another newcomer, "Fritz" Crisler, Princeton's new gridiron specialist. Well-groomed, reserved, courteous; meeting him on a golf course one would expect him to be introduced as Mr. H. O. Crisler, Treasurer, Blank Manufacturing Co., or Chief Engineer, Southern New Jersey R. R. That's the note he strikes. Brainy. Confident in his powers, not given to loud or voluble demonstration, doing his work quietly, efficiently. A likable person, with a certain dry wit and deep chuckle.

Of considerable moment, this leader of Princeton's football athletes was schooled in the fine, four-square ways of the famous A. A. Stagg—the former University of Chicago athletic mentor long noted for his clean sportsmanship, his character building and his inspirational leadership of young men at the critical adolescent period. And Princeton's Crisler is a trained exponent of the splendid "Stagg system"—if the combination of methods and virtues personified by Mr. Stagg can be labeled a system. Princeton's football coach played three years on Stagg's varsity teams and acted as his Assistant Coach for eight years.

Said Fritz Crisler: "It is my belief that the most important elements in football are blocking and tackling. We are spending a great deal of our time on the field perfecting these two elements. I look at it this way. Offensively, the team that knows how to block stands the better chance of advancing the ball carrier. Defensively, the team that knows how to block and tackle stands the better chance of stopping the enemy ball carrier. So important do I consider blocking and tackling that we are doing considerable scrimmaging—and we don't use any of those padded posts or suspended dummy contraptions. We perfect our blocking and tackling by actual practice, supervised by thorough coaching.

"In the department of strategy, I place emphasis on blocking kicks and returning kicks. That may seem strange but it naturally follows from the emphasis we place on blocking and tackling. The two complement each other and form a unified, practical plan of action.

"Consider a football game in its entirety. Two kick-offs start the game and there is a kick-off after every score. Then the punts. A close check-up shows an average of eight to ten punts in a game. So you see kicking must be reckoned with. Now consider this: a blocked kick can lose as much ground as a star back can gain in line plays all afternoon. Think of this, too: a well-placed punt can gain as much yardage in one kick as a star back can manage to pick up all afternoon on line plays. Watch this in the next game you attend. Analyze the play as carefully as I have had to. You will quickly observe that kicking is a vital part of the total play.

"I will go on record to the effect that the punt is the most important winning factor in the present game, the forward pass notwithstanding. Further: more games are won or lost by a kicking play—either a well placed punt, a brilliant return, or a blocked kick—than by any other single type of play. Check with me on that? Well, here at Princeton we practice plays designed to block kicks and to run back kicks, as well as the art of kicking itself. The value of my principles is attested by the inescapable fact that we have won touchdowns by these methods, to say nothing of the yardage we have gained.

"Can I cite where our play to run back punts was put over for a touchdown? Of course. And against an opponent of no mean standing. Columbia. You know the fine, well-coached, hard playing team Columbia had last season. The only defeat they suffered was this game. And they beat

that strong Stanford team in the Bowl of Roses.

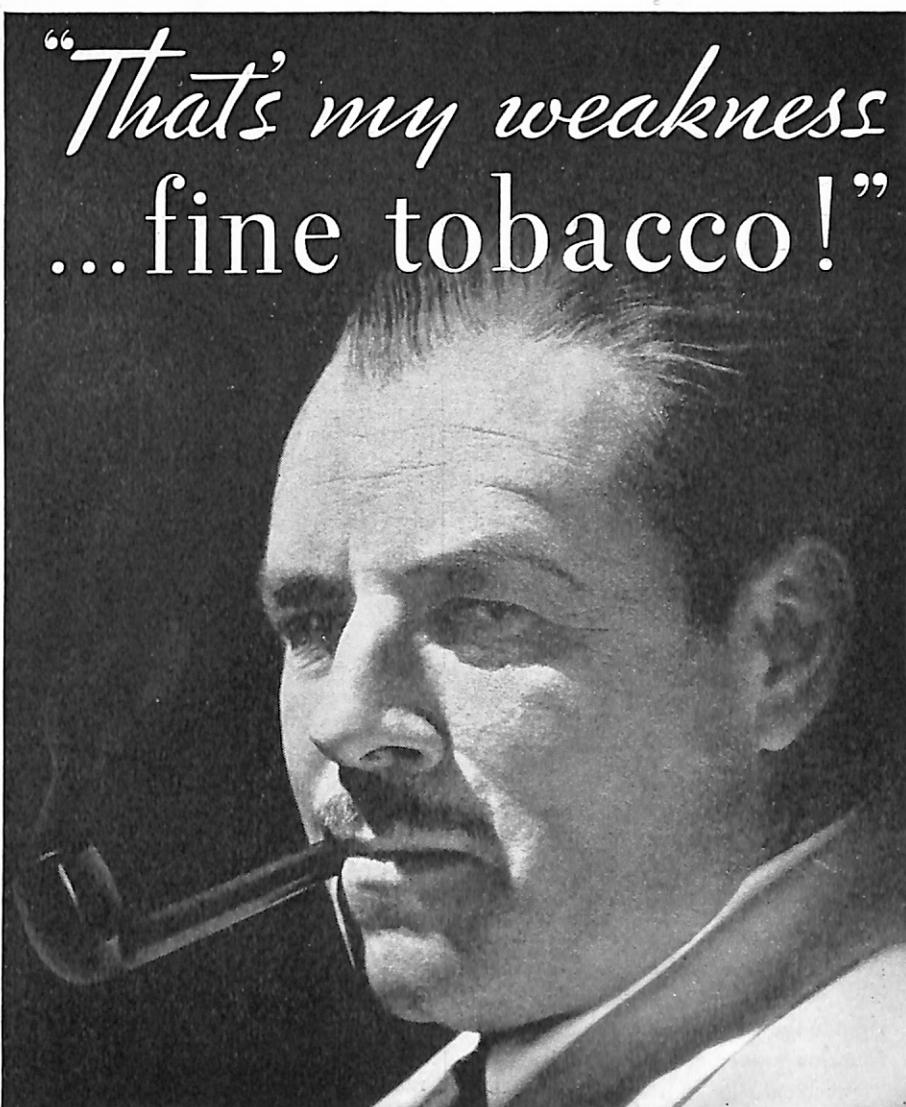
"If you were there you saw we were using a 2-2-1 defense. Near the end of the first quarter, backed up near their goal line, Columbia punted. It was a high punt, well-placed. Racing toward the side-line, our safety man picked it up on the 52-yard line and was off. The crowds in the stands were on their feet.

"Now watch him! Taking the ball but a few feet from the side-line, he came forward a few strides; then, picking up speed, he suddenly reversed his field. Straight toward the center of the field he sped. Meantime, the Columbia tacklers had come down fast. Their two ends and the ball carrier converged. But as they came together our two secondaries took them out. Our ball carrier slipped between them on flying feet.

"Again he reversed his field and raced diagonally toward the side-line. This in order to pass around the line of scrimmage. The crowd was in an uproar. Every Columbia man on that line of scrimmage was being blocked. Those fast-driving ends were cut down by our secondary defense. Our tackles meanwhile had plunged in and blocked the Columbia wingbacks. Down the side-line sped our man with the ball. One man now stood between him and the goal. That man was the only unblocked opponent on the field. He was the kicker and now he had become their safety man. Alone our man ran with that ball. It had resolved itself into a duel between these two, Columbia's man and ours.

"At the eight-yard line Columbia's safety man dashed over to stop the on-rushing ball carrier. It was a pretty run. The crowd was mad for a touchdown, but could hardly expect it with the ball runner so closely paralleling the side-line. There wasn't much leeway there. Then, a smart dodge, a straight arm, a shifting hip, and the field was clear. Over the line he scampered for a touchdown. He had won his duel with his man. So had every other member of the team taken care of his man. Each had his own opponent and blocking assignment. See the point?"

A "perfect play" if there ever was one—and the first time the return of a punt had been elevated to that status. And don't overlook the fact that this was a play carefully designed, thoroughly rehearsed and deliberately used. The result was attained by each man carrying out his assignment and by perfection of blocking technique. That is to be made clear since otherwise the run-back might be taken as a lucky fluke. Whereas it was a practiced Crisler play! A perfect play.



JACK HOLT . . . noted Columbia Pictures star

YOU'VE read about the hobbies of movie actors. Well, my hobby happens to be fine tobaccos. And I guess I've tried them all, including the most costly of the imported brands. But for steady, day-after-day smoking I've found that the

mellow, sun-ripened Kentucky Burley in Union Leader is the most satisfying. It never has the slightest bite, nor ever makes my pipe strong. Yet it is as rich in flavor and in fragrance as old wine. (Have you tried Union Leader in cigarettes, Mr. Holt?)

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Smoke Screen

(Continued from page 17)

cut the crisp night as he pulled away from the curb. The Skipper glanced at the foot of his bed, to be sure that his turn-outs—rough trousers with boots tucked into the legs for a quick hitch—were in place. Then he snapped out the lights and hit the hay. Outside the office, other snores joined those of the big-mouthed Mammoth Cave.

An hour passed. Only a few blocks away, a patrolman hurriedly rounded a corner, stared an instant at two struggling figures in an otherwise deserted blur of red, wheeled swiftly to the scarlet box at the corner and twisted the handle. Instantly an electric impulse shot far out into a lonely portion of Central Park; the "platform" or Fire Alarm Telegraph Headquarters room, iso-

(Continued on page 42)

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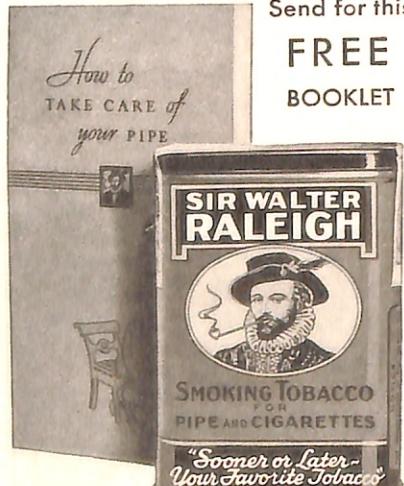


STAGE-FRIGHT? No, sir. Dirty work in the dressing room? No, sir. Two or three whiffs of that over-stale pipe and heavyweight tobacco did what fifty-seven opponents couldn't do... floored him!

A good pipe, like a good athlete, should be kept in good condition. A few moments' daily exercise with a pipe cleaner and a steady diet of mild, gentle Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco will keep any man's briar right in the very pink. We think we've found a milder combination of fragrant Kentucky Burleys. We think we've discovered a cooler, slower-burning blend. A large and growing army of contented pipe-smokers think so, too. Try one tin of Sir Walter and see what you think!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. E-410

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

(Continued from page 41)
lated there for safety. Instant activity followed; then the alarm came back, speeding through Manhattan to the waiting bells of engine and truck companies, tapping out in swiftly spaced numerals, the news of fire and danger:

"E-i-g-h-t—pause—s-i-x—pause—o-n-e!"

Instantly, with the first sound of the joker as it sounded from the wall of his office, the Skipper rolled from his bed. A similar, concerted movement came from beyond the partition as the second signal sounded in confirmation over the combination system in office, apparatus floor, bunk-room. Then the big gong thumped out the news, slowly, imperiously. No one had waited for that. Voices had shouted:

"Get out!"

There was the clatter of running steps, the swish of hands and bodies against brass, and the clud of impact as men slid through the pole hole to the floor below. A fireman sleeps with his shirt on. One wild plunge, a jerk, a thumbing of suspenders as he yanked his turn-outs into place and the Skipper had thrown himself into his hitch. Out the door he went and slid the pole.

COLD air swept the engine house from wide-open doors. Motors roared; the whining yowl of the combination-pumper's siren screeched against the night. Out over the gutter plank went the swiftly moving apparatus of Eight Engine, first due at a station, the location of which seemed strangely familiar to Joe Deitrich.

It was cruelly cold now; helmeted men huddled tight against the hand rail or, with an arm looped through, snapped the fastenings of their turnout coats, as the pumper, or present day counterpart of the old fire engine, followed by its hose wagon or tender, roared through the quiet of East 51st Street, crashed under the L at Third Avenue, and swung rapidly north. Traffic lights were against them; it made no difference; cops appeared miraculously, gloved hands upraised against oncoming vehicles. The apparatus, its sirens shrieking louder now against the noise of a passing L train, swerved to the east. Then Mammoth Cave, hunched against the biting wind, turned his roaring voice toward the Skipper.

"She's a worker, Sir! Look at 'er belch!"

Before them, limned against the never-dark New York night, was the smoke streaked salmon of bursting flame, which shot from the lower floors of a blank-windowed, rambling, four-story building. The Skipper knew now why a feel of familiarity had tapped into his brain with the beat of the joker. This was the old warehouse in which Jane Bruce had established her tiny novelty business.

But the thought only flashed; there was no time for real reflection. Already the driver had careened the pumper toward the curb; men were leaping from the running board; a man was at the hydrant; hose writhed free from its resting place. And the Skipper himself—a wholly instinctively action—was on the ground, snapping the orders that would speed his men on their job of "stretching in"—the New York Fire Department goes after its blaze, fighting its way from the first moment into the building, instead of merely standing in the street and spouting water.

Again sirens howled. The supporting apparatus of Two Truck swung wildly out of Third Avenue, the tiller-man of the hook and ladder twisting mightily in his high red seat as he guided the rear end of the cumbersome vehicle around the corner. Coincidentally there sounded the double clatter of bells as the tiny red rigs of battalion chiefs raced to a nearby curb and disgorged their commanders. Skipper Deitrich gave little attention.

With his company, he was headed for the doorway of the old warehouse. Thick coated forms moved swiftly about; commands barked against the night, confirmation returning from noise-filled distance. The crash of flat-headed axes and tinkle of glass sounded against the muffled roar of flames. Truck-men already were opening up, that the workers of Eight Engine might enter and do their job.

"Aw-right!" bawled Deitrich, "turn on your water!"

Instantly the listless line which men had been dragging leaped to sudden life. It curved, straightened, rebelled against the force of pressure as the cut-off held the stream momentarily a prisoner; the nozzle, or pipe itself, fought like a living thing in the grasp of the men who held it. Tugging, pulling against the weight, the firemen moved forward, Deitrich beside them; turning only for a glance as a turntable moved slowly on sleek equipment, to the bellowing of a motor. Then, as the aerial or extension ladder started upward, with men waiting to clamber toward the upper floors, Deitrich swung forward, yanked at the charged line with one hand and turned, shouting:

"Lighten up on this line!" Muscle strained against the weight of cotton, rubber and water. The Skipper paused for an instant at the sight of an approaching cop. "Anybody inside?" he called.

It was the usual query—for news of trapped humanity.

"Don't think so." In the glare of a new burst of flame, the Skipper recognized Phonograph Parrish, an easy talker. He moved swiftly away.

"Come on—get in here!" he snapped to his men. Then to the straining forms on the pipe: "Aw-right! Open up your line!"

A GIGANTIC hiss of air was the reply—welcome news to firemen, telling as it did of strong water pressure behind. Then the rush of driving fluid, streaming in bullet-like directness; a smacking impact followed as water met fire. The battle began. Someone bumped against Deitrich; somewhat amazed, he saw it was Phonograph, knocked there by a rushing fireman, intent only on his job.

"Funny thing," the cop shouted, "when I rounded the corner, I seen a young fellow carryin' a young woman out of here."

"Get in, men!" Dietrich commanded. "Get into it!"

"More line!" came the answer from the pipe.

"More line!" ran the shout, and died in the noise. The company moved in farther flame and men facing each other on the beginning of a long fight. From above came the crash of glass, the screech of wood in the grasp of claw hooks, the clatter of falling objects as swift-moving six-foot hooks in the strong hands of truck men tore loose impediments to ventilation. Phonograph Parrish reeled closer.

"And then the funniest thing. He set her down and she turned right around and slapped his face. Now what do you make of that?"

"Better get out before we carry you out," roared the skipper. They were deep in the building now, working slowly against a mass of flames toward what seemed to be the base of the fire, centering about an ancient, open elevator shaft. The cop glanced wildly about him.

"How the hell did I get in here?" he yelled and vanished. Skipper Joe moved grimly forward with his men. A disused warehouse, with floors soaked from every conceivable form of storage, with felt and pulley openings, old shafts, partitions which may hide a dozen forms of explosive combustibles left by careless movers; such a building makes a touch fire.

Outside, more help was arriving; the

glow-lighted street was a tangle of lines, crawling like black, lazy pythons, from a dozen hydrants. The first due battalion chief almost immediately had tapped in a second alarm; the arriving deputy chief as quickly had sent in a third.

Searchlights gleamed. Rasping, rubber-coated figures moved here and there over the tangle of tight-pressured lines. Stillman lights flashed at windows; crawling forms moved, blackly silhouetted, up the ladders; faint shouts sounded from far parts of the building, to be answered by bawling voices, equally indistinct. Sirens shrieked anew. Captains and lieutenants of truck and engine companies rushed their men forward; into the lower floors, up the slippery ladders, already ice-coated from flying spray, to the rear, the sides, the roof. In the mid-town section of a great metropolis, traffic halted and started, slowed or pulled to one side for the movement of fire equipment; some rolling to the fire itself, others rolling to "cover up" as companies were relocated to fill the vacancies left by those which struggled against the blasting roar of a nasty "worker." Deep in the building, still holding his position at the elevator shaft, the Skipper cupped his hands:

"Hey, Mammoth Cave! You, Grogan! Spell Hicks and Fogarty at the pipe!"

The big mouthed fireman and his companion moved forward, allowing the relieved men to stagger toward a window. They were getting a tough feed here; smoke was heavy, swirling up to the low ceiling and cutting down hard against them; heat was intense. Outside men shivered; in here they sweated and cursed. But suddenly, for an instant, the Skipper forgot it all:

"And she slapped his face!" he exclaimed, as quickly to shout an order for his men to back up.

It was only momentary, a fresh burst of flame, which threatened for a time, then sullenly began to die. The gruelling job went on.

An hour passed; lines had been shifted; men were on new positions. Outside, ice coated pumbers still labored away; cops flopped their arms across their chests and stamped about; the job of holding back the surge of crowds at a fire-line had faded; there is little joy in watching a blaze when one's feet are freezing. The Skipper, backing his men out to take up a new position on the other side of the building, called to Phonograph:

"Didn't find out what she slapped his face for?"

Phonograph rubbed his blue nose and hurried forward.

"How could I? Too busy pullin' the box. When I turned around they were gone.

HE would have been glad to have elaborated. But the Skipper was already yelling for somebody to lighten up on that line as he edged through a sashless window.

Slowly the vicious yellow of acute flame became dulled by streaks of black, surrounded by clouds of steam; danger was past; the fire had begun to darken down. More and more pale became the glow, finally to blend into the light sky. After a time the supporting companies began to take up and return to quarters. Dawn came; in a half gutted building there remained only the Skipper and his men, wetting down what remained of a slight glow of embers in a far corner of the building, while Two Truck Company, scattered about in the debris, a field of black in a frame of icicles, went about the prosaic job of overhauling. At last Skipper Joe walked over to where a truckman had crouched in evident curiosity. Then the lieutenant in command came beside him. They had turned over some charred cloth and were

(Continued on page 44)



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*The Taste of John Jameson is Different—
It's the Way Whiskey Ought to Taste*

This is not an empty boast and here's why: John Jameson is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat and oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time. It is distilled in the traditional pot still and aged in the wood seven years before bottling. If such direct methods don't produce real whiskey, there is no such

thing. (We haven't mentioned skill—but we must have learned something in 150 years.)

Its taste is different—you may not like it the first time—a few don't. But it's *real whiskey*, and if you don't like it the fifth time then—no offense—you have only yourself to blame. For John Jameson is *a whiskey for people who know whiskey*.

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(Continued from page 43)
sniffing suspiciously when the Skipper approached.

"Smells like a touch-off," said the lieutenant.

The miracle of a big fire lies in the telltales it leaves behind. Skipper Joe glanced about him—here was a piece of a lampshade, there the half burned remains of a box of greeting cards. Now, the truckman, clawing deep into the wreckage, had unearthed a mass of wet papers; falling shaft lumber had extinguished their blaze. Here too was the smell of gasoline.

"Yeh," the lieutenant mused, "she looks like a touch-off."

The Skipper bent beside him and studied the paper; wrappings evidently.

"No sense in it though," he said. "This party couldn't afford insurance and it had lapsed on the building."

"Somebody you know?"

"Yeh. This joint is in our company district. It's okay."

HE passed it off. Then, tired, blinking a bit with thought, the Skipper went back to his men. But late that afternoon, fresh again and off duty, he took a bus uptown and walked over to Park Avenue. A very hollow-eyed Bob Leadon greeted him in the living room of his apartment.

"I guess you heard about last night," he said jerkily.

"Heard about it?" asked the Skipper. "I ate smoke until seven o'clock this morning." Then he bored in, remorselessly: "Well, we got the dope this was a touch-off—somebody set fire to that dump."

Leadon strove to effect an amazed stare. He failed. The Skipper went on.

"You know, you can smell gasoline after a fire, just the same."

Bob Leadon blinked. Then his features underwent a sudden change.

"Well," he asked angrily. "How did I know it was gasoline?"

"And what did she slap your face for?"

"Why don't you tell me?" came the heated reply. "I was only trying to save her life."

"Where were you?"

He hesitated.

"Well, I was back at the elevator shaft."

"And where was she?"

Leadon thought a moment. Finally he rubbed a shaking hand over his tired eyes.

"I—I haven't slept a wink," came weakly.

"I don't know—she must have been up by the door."

"So you ran and grabbed her and carried her out—when she was already perfectly safe?"

The poor rich young man stared at the floor.

"Oh, I guess so. I was excited."

"About what?"

"There was a fire, wasn't there?"

"Oh, was there? You hadn't said."

Bob Leadon pressed his lips, and half turned away. There was a moment of silence, then impulsively he faced the Captain.

"Oh, you might as well hear it," he said. "The whole thing's as much your fault as mine."

"My fault?"

"That stuff about simple things. Well, when I left the engine house, I got to thinking about Jane, over there in the shop, all by herself, working maybe all night to get out those Christmas orders. So I thought I'd just drop by and see how she was getting along. Well, on the way, I passed one of those trick shops. I'd remembered what you'd said about a jig saw puzzle or something. So I stopped in." Bob Leadon paused.

"They had an awful lot of funny things in there. I loaded up with some. Ever see that match trick?" he asked innocently.

"Match trick?" asked the wary Skipper.

"Yes. They look just like any safety matches. But they're made up with some kind of preparation to make 'em burn longer. And the stick is sort of weighted, in some way—boomerang matches, they call 'em."

"Swell name."

"Yes—you see, that's the trick. The weight makes it easy for them to throw up in the air—you can throw 'em clear to the ceiling and they'll turn over and over, and keep on burning, and then kind of straighten out on the way down, and you can catch 'em, like a juggler. I always was interested in juggling, sort of—I guess that's why I fell for it."

"Just wanted to amuse her?" the Skipper asked in carefully veiled sarcasm. But Bob Leadon caught it.

"I'd tried everything else I knew," he snapped. "Well, I got to the damned old hole that she called a shop—" suddenly he veered: "—I tried my best to put her in a decent place. But no; she wanted to make her own way in life. Well, she can make it from now on. Insulting me before all those people!"

"What people? Where?"

"Out in the street. At least, I guess there were people. She slapped my face. Slapped my face!"

"Let's get back in the shop. So you tried to show her the trick?"

"No—we'd had that talk at dinner. So I guess I surprised her by coming by. Anyway, she pretended to be terribly busy in the front of the shop. I stalled around for a minute or two, and then I happened to think about the matches. I thought I'd practice. Well, I had seen she'd been unwrapping a lot of stuff back by the elevator, but I didn't pay much attention. I got out one of these matches and lit it. Then I threw it up in the air—I must have made a miscue; it slewed off and went straight into that batch of paper."

"And where was the gasoline?"

"I didn't know it was gasoline!" the man shouted. "I thought it was water. I grabbed up the bucket and threw the whole thing—bucket and all, at the paper."

BOB LEADON sighed heavily and stared at the floor. The Skipper slowly turned his head and looked at everything in the room.

"Then you grabbed her and carried her out and she slapped your face."

"She'll never get a chance to do it again!" the young man replied heatedly.

Skipper Joe cleared his throat.

"I don't know about that, Bob. I might have to turn in a report on this. You've got a lot of money. Seems to me, the fair and square thing would be to find out the least you can settle for and salve the owner; it won't take much. Anything he gets will be profit; hasn't rented that thing for years. As for Jane Bruce, it's up to you to do whatever she says—crawl like a worm if necessary." she says—crawl like a worm if necessary."

"For her, after the way she's treated me?"

"How about the way you've treated her? A young woman trying to make her way in the world—and you burn up her business?"

Bob Leadon swayed, with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, I'll write her a check," he said.

"Just a check might not square it."

There was a long silence. Then:

"No, I guess it wouldn't. She's pretty sore at me. Of course—well, I guess she's got a right to be. He turned aimlessly. "That's just the trouble—there's probably nothing I can do that can square it."

The Skipper rose.

"Maybe there isn't," he said. Bob Leadon

followed him very sheepishly to the door. "I'd do most anything," he confessed lamely. "I feel pretty terrible about it—even if she did—"

"Slap your face," the Skipper supplied. "In front of that whole crowd of policemen. . . . Officer Parrish, and Phonograph, the cop, and Patrolman J. L. Parrish, and Phonograph Parrish—"

"I didn't notice just who was there," the youth confessed innocently. "I ran immediately—trying to find a telephone or something to turn in an alarm."

The Skipper rocked on heel and toe.

"That makes it bad too," he said. "You ran the wrong way."

Then he said a dubious goodbye, and traveled far downtown to one of the cheaper streets near Washington Square. At last, in a parlor of a middle class boarding house, he sat down to talk to Jane Bruce. Evidently she cared little for the interview.

"Captain," she said after a time, "I'd rather start from nothing again than to have him think that he was responsible for setting me up in business. I hope I never see him again."

"Just a minute," the Skipper intervened. "As far as I'm concerned, he's a first class sap. Any idiot that would set fire to a building, anybody with no more brains than—how'd he happen to carry you out of there?"

She sighed.

"Oh, he called to me to wait. Then he ran up and picked me up in his arms—I suppose he naturally thought of my safety. But at the moment—"

"Of all the idiot tricks!" the Skipper interrupted. "Is the man a moron?"

"Now Captain," said Jane Bruce suddenly. "That's not quite fair. Bob was excited. I suppose he does care something about me—maybe I shouldn't have—"

"All right," growled the Skipper, "we'll drop it. But about this fire . . . What were you doing with that gasoline in an open container?"

"Why—" she glanced up quickly—"what gasoline?"

"You know what gasoline. A whole bucketful of it. That's what burned down that building."

She stared at her kneading hands.

"I suppose it was wrong—in a ramshackle place like that. A whole bunch of my stuff had come in simply filthy. And I just thought I'd clean it myself. I—"

The Skipper rose.

"Of course," he said. "The good part of all this is that Bob wants to do the right thing. But if I were you,"—he squinted hard, and jabbed forth an impressive finger—"I'd not let him get away with simply making restitution. I've had a talk with him. I think he'll do what you say. He owes you plenty—"

"Oh, my stock wasn't worth so much." She rose and walked to the window.

"Stock?" asked Skipper Joe. "How about the good will? How about the Christmas business you lost? And the start you'd made—it'll take time to build that up again. If you've got sense, you'll figure all that in. You'll make him pay, and pay plenty. More than that, you'll make him realize what he's done. The easiest thing in the world he does is sign a check. What's a few thousand dollars—a scratch of a pen."

She turned swiftly.

"Well?"

"Make that fellow work. Let him find out what it means to open boxes and smack his thumb with a hammer. And crawl up and down step-ladders. And run errands. And go out and hustle up excuses to hold this business you lost until you can get 'em new stock. Do you get me?"

(Continued on page 46)

The genuine bears this seal



First choice of those *who know*



I congratulate you, John, on your bourbon. I didn't realize my niece had married a millionaire.



Thank you, Colonel, but this Crab Orchard is really very inexpensive.



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Straight as a string

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THINGS are better. Business is out of the rut—well ahead of a year ago. Millions of men have gone back to work. There's more money in lots of pay envelopes. But what good is that to you, if your pay check is still written in depression figures?

You weren't so discontented a year ago. In fact, you considered yourself lucky to have a job. But now—you have begun to wonder and worry why the oncoming tide of prosperity hasn't reached you yet. The situation is getting desperate. Bills continue to pile up. You can't get along forever on a "shoe string" budget. You must win back those pay cuts. Other men are doing it—how can you?

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But there is a way to get back to the prosperity pay check. A way that's probably far easier than you have dreamed. A plan that has been "depression-tested."

During the worst period of the depression, this plan was helping thousands of men and women forge ahead. Today, during recovery, these same men and women—their ranks swelled by thousands more—are being picked for top positions. They are escaping years of monotonous, routine service—achieving their dreams while they are young enough to enjoy success in its fullest measure.



Since this plan brings results in bad times as well as good, it obviously works independently of business conditions. As unbelievable as that may sound, remember that success is largely up to the individual. Most men struggle through a depression all their lives. The few who forge ahead ride to success the same business tides that sweep the majority to failure.

The LaSalle Success-Building Plan is made for men like you—men with courage, ambition, persistence, who need expert guidance to make the most of their efforts. But LaSalle supplies even more than that. Not only individualized training and coaching to help you meet today's crying needs . . . but also the very steps you need to take to fill the job ahead, and force that pay raise quickly. Any synopsis of this plan we could give here, would give you only an idea of this service. We suggest you mail the coupon for complete details on your own line of work.

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There's real danger to accepting "depression pay" these days. A danger that lower wages will continue to dog you—for no employer will pay more until he is convinced you are worth more. Some day, some way, you've got to convince him. There's no time to lose. The sooner you begin, the better.

If the LaSalle Plan has fulfilled this aim for thousands, isn't it logical to expect it can do as much for you? This coupon can easily become your passport to better times. Mail it today.

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- Office Management
- Stenotypy

Name Age

Address

LaSalle Extension University

(Continued from page 45)

At last, Jane Bruce turned from the window, a slight smile tugging at the corners of her well formed lips.

"Yes, Captain," she answered, "I think I see what you mean."

A MONTH or so later, Skipper Joe dropped off the running board of a ladder truck, quarters bound, on which he had bummed a ride. He walked west on a street in the Forties, just off Fifth Avenue. At a newly painted store front, he paused, and looked in.

A young man was on a step-ladder, quite work-smudged, but whistling. A young woman was handing packages up to him, and he was energetically placing them on shelves. Out at the curb, a long, sleek car stood driverless. Skipper Joe grinned and walked on.

"Lover," asked Jane Bruce, "was that someone at the door?"

"I didn't notice, Darling," answered Bob Leadon. "Where shall I put these; with the Valentines, or the Easter cards?"

Money for Home Owners

(Continued from page 14)

work is of limited duration. To that extent it is an emergency provision. It is designed to bring up the value of real estate through making the repairs which have been so greatly neglected. It is estimated that seven million, or twenty-eight per cent., of the homes in the country are more than thirty years old, and it is well known that the ordinary repairs to resist depreciation have not been attended to since about 1931. To an extent that cannot be estimated these repairs have been deferred because of the lack of credit. It is a well-known fact that recovery from a depression is always marked by a resumption of home building and home repairing.

A few large concerns have the facilities to extend credit to home owners for repairs on the installment basis, but there has been no credit available for the smaller contractor or manufacturer—except as he dealt with these firms. A few banks have personal credit departments in which loans are made on long terms at reasonable rates, but most banks have hesitated to go into this section of banking because it requires a special equipment. The experience with small loans to home owners on the amortized basis at fair rates has been exceptional and the losses have been considerably less than on the ordinary commercial loans.

The Housing Administration has been urged to make a drive for lower building prices and even to urge the fixing of prices at low levels and in general to stage a bargain campaign. But to do that would only further disrupt the price and wage structure without any assurance of benefit to anyone. It has also been urged to provide credit freely to anyone. But that would only bring on an artificial business spurt and a lot of unpaid bills. The Administration has decided to leave the whole matter of prices to the buyers and sellers and to confine itself to sound credit.

It is therefore offering its services to banks and certain other financial institutions by undertaking to guarantee to qualified banks lending on approved notes, any losses up to 20%. The procedure is very simple. Any owner desiring to make repairs or extensions

may arrange with a contractor for whatever he has in mind. The bill for which he contracts must not be less than one hundred dollars or more than two thousand dollars. The contractor will then submit the proposal to the local bank, which will investigate the standing of the home owner. The principal credit requirements are that the taxes and mortgage interest be paid and that the income of the borrower be at least five times the amount of the annual payments.

IF a man wishes to borrow one thousand dollars for a year, he must have a five-thousand-dollar income; if he wishes to borrow the same amount for two years, he must have a twenty-five-hundred-dollar income. The credit standing being arranged, the bank attends to paying the contractor and the owner pays his debt to the bank in monthly installments which cover both principal and interest. The total charge to the borrower is lower than any previous charge offered and no private institution has been able to cover the expenses incident to small loans of this kind at less than around double that charge.

The losses on personal credit paper have been so small that the twenty per cent. guarantee to the banks far more than covers the risks, while in addition the F. H. A. will, under certain circumstances, rediscount the paper from the banks. It is believed that these provisions for insurance and liquidity will open up the banks and make this paper a preferred investment. All of which means that the banks and the contractors will have the best of arguments with which to go out after business.

IHAVE not gone into details or matters of organization. There are now administrators and lenders in every locality and the rules and qualifications are easily had. It will be seen, however, that the objective is to start business with a minimum of red tape.

It has been pointed out that great benefits are to be derived by business through stimulation of the durable goods industries by the effective operation of this Act. It is the opinion of many that great numbers of men will be put back to work as a result of the Act's modernization provisions. This home modernization naturally will enhance property values.

Authentic reports show a total of \$175,000,000 in expenditures for repairs and renovations in thirty-seven states during the first five months of 1934, this amount being twenty-four per cent. of the total dollar volume of all construction. This volume obviously is susceptible to very considerable increases.

IT is confidently believed, among many groups, that there cannot be complete recovery with so important an industry as construction paralyzed as it has been for five years or more. That construction has been so paralyzed is shown by the fact that approximately 16,500,000 buildings throughout the nation are in need of repairs, and that the country has today a shortage of from 750,000 to 1,500,000 homes owing to an almost total recession of building. The figures show that 5,000,000 homes in the United States lack even the commonest of bath facilities and electric wiring.

The opinion is unanimous that the modernizing program will have the effect of immediately putting the construction industry back to work, with the transfer of its wages into merchandise purchasing power and the subsequent stimulation of economic recovery and restoration of normal conditions.

Many have told me that they believe the
(Continued on page 48)



ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP

A Tribute And A Promise

HONORABLE MICHAEL F. SHANNON, Grand Exalted Ruler of The Elks, has presented a program of nation-wide benevolence which is characteristic of the man and worthy of the great Order that is putting it into operation.

- His plan consists of an ACT OF FRIENDSHIP by each one of the 1400 subordinate lodges on every meeting night. These FRIENDLY ACTS are to be reported by the Exalted Ruler by night lettergram to the Grand Exalted Ruler at Los Angeles.
- Telegraph officials were called in to assist in drafting an efficient and economic system of handling these reports.
- Postal Telegraph in cooperating with the Elks program pledges its complete service to every Elks Lodge in America in furtherance of this splendid movement.

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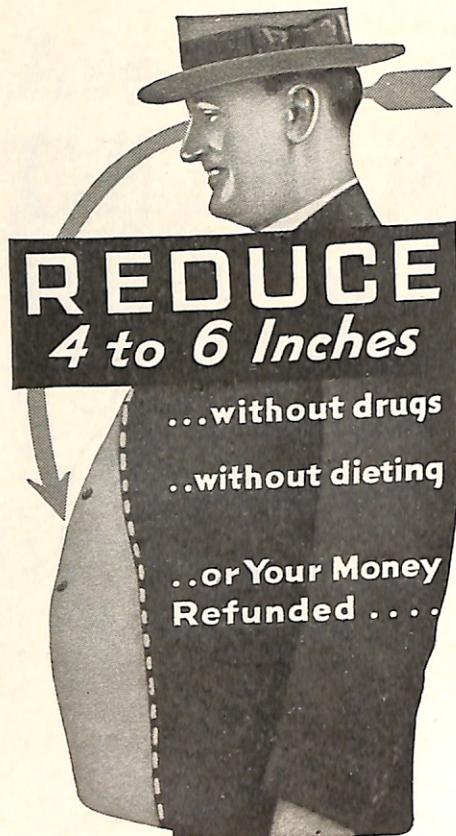
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Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

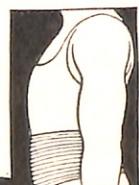
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"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life." D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.

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IN NEXT MONTH'S NUMBER

Part I of a two-part story by Jack O'Donnell—"At Your Service"—a tale of romance and adventure laid in Mexico and California. This colorful yarn presents a really new twist to the eternal triangle, with a middle-aged soldier of fortune cast in the happy-go-lucky hero's rôle.

(Continued from page 47)

F. H. A. is the keystone of all present recovery activities and that its proper execution will result in the utmost benefit to every section—every city, town and hamlet in the country. Pledges of faithful cooperation from all over the country have been accompanied by statements that the Housing Act has started a most significant and practical effort speedily to effect the reemployment of millions of men and billions of capital.

One of the most important notes sounded is that the administration of the act gives to all industries, and to the durable industries particularly, the confidence required in taking many necessary steps on their own initiative to stimulate business activity and employment.

Take the durable industries whose products actually go into repairs and modernization of buildings. There are steel, lumber, hardware of many kinds, cement, lime, copper, glass, brick, furnaces, boilers, machinery, vitreous goods—and this is an incomplete list. Every plant in which these and similar goods are manufactured or fabricated will be affected. And the added employees in these plants will mean an addition to the cash buyers of shoes and food and automobiles and clothing. They will mean added sales of carpets and furniture, toilet goods and virtually everything else.

Those who make and sell construction and decorating commodities will, if they are the good business men they always have been, advertise their wares to these added cash buyers, which in turn means more business for advertising agencies and every type of publisher. More work for advertising and promotional concerns means, in turn, more printing work, stereotype jobs, art work—and so on.

THE second division of the F. H. A. will be that dealing with mortgages. Because

of its wide ramifications and the necessity for the most careful preliminary planning, it will not be ready to function until later. When it is, it will enable private capital to make insured loans for the construction of new houses and to refinance mortgages on existing properties on a similar basis, thus opening up an enormous field of opportunities for investors to utilize profitably and with the utmost of safety funds that would otherwise continue to lie idle.

OPERATIONS through the functioning of this division unquestionably will continue for years to come, thus providing safe and profitable employment for both capital and labor. Even if only partly successful, it will mean prosperity for twenty years, or so long as the activities continue. That is no visionary statement. The combined program represents a far greater volume of work than was required to restore all the devastated regions of both France and Belgium.

The building industry continues in the doldrums from which other industries have emerged chiefly because of the blockade in the mortgage-money market. This blockade is due quite naturally to the fear of loss and the need for liquidity on the part of lenders. The Housing Act will break this blockade by assuring safety in lending and providing the liquidity which good banking calls for.

It is of great importance to realize that the Housing Act is fundamentally a better-housing activity. Yet, the very nature of this activity patently will mean work for labor and millions in cash spent for all the vast array of goods, and particularly durable goods, that will be needed.

It is my belief that it will work out like the rolling snowball and that even those of us who have been deep in this matter since the creation of the F. H. A. hardly can visualize the unprecedented potentialities for good that the Housing Act holds.

Important Notice to ELK ARCHITECTS, CONTRACTORS and MERCHANTS Interested in Home Building and Furnishing

Send today to THE ELKS MAGAZINE for a most comprehensive free booklet showing how to profit from the Government's new Housing Program. It contains such timely information as:

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- (2) If your prospect wants credit—and how he can get it.
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let's help rebuild America

The new Government Home Modernization Plan gives you a chance to play an important part in National Recovery

Read here and learn about it

1—What Is the Housing Administration Program?

Government aid to modernize and repair homes, to stimulate building trades.

2—How Will It Operate?

Modernizing more than 16,000,000 homes and buildings now in need of repair, will give work, aid steel, lumber, hardware, cement, copper, brick, machinery and other businesses. Later, through mortgages, will enable private capital to make insured loans for new construction and refinance existing mortgages.

3—Who Is Eligible for Loans?

"Any property owner, individual, partnership, or corporation with a regular income from salary, commissions, business or other assured source." Loans will be made largely on "character" basis without co-makers or endorsers.

4—How Much Can Be Borrowed?

From \$100 to \$2,000, depending on the income.

5—Where Can the Money Be Borrowed?

From any National, State, or Industrial Bank, Trust or Finance Companies approved by the Housing Administration.

6—What Kind of Property Is Eligible for Loans?

One and two-family residences, apartment buildings, stores, office buildings, factories, warehouses and farm buildings.

7—What Security Is Necessary?

Income of the signers of note must be five times the annual payments. Mortgages, if any, must be in good order and no past due liens. Assurance must be given that money will be used only for improvement. Good community reputation is necessary.

8—Is a Mortgage Necessary?

No, only the promissory note.

9—What Signatures Are Necessary?

Only that of the property owner, and wife or husband, if married, except in special cases.

10—How Long Can Be Taken to Repay?

From one to three years. (Three to five year notes may be made with special arrangements.)

11—How Are Payments to Be Made?

Regular monthly (or seasonal) payments. Prepayments, and more than required payments can be made.

12—Where?

At the place of business with whom the loan has been made, NOT to any government office.

13—Who Governs Loans?

The local institution. The loans are primarily local with private capital. The government only acts as an agent to protect the banks against loss.

14—What Does This Credit Cost?

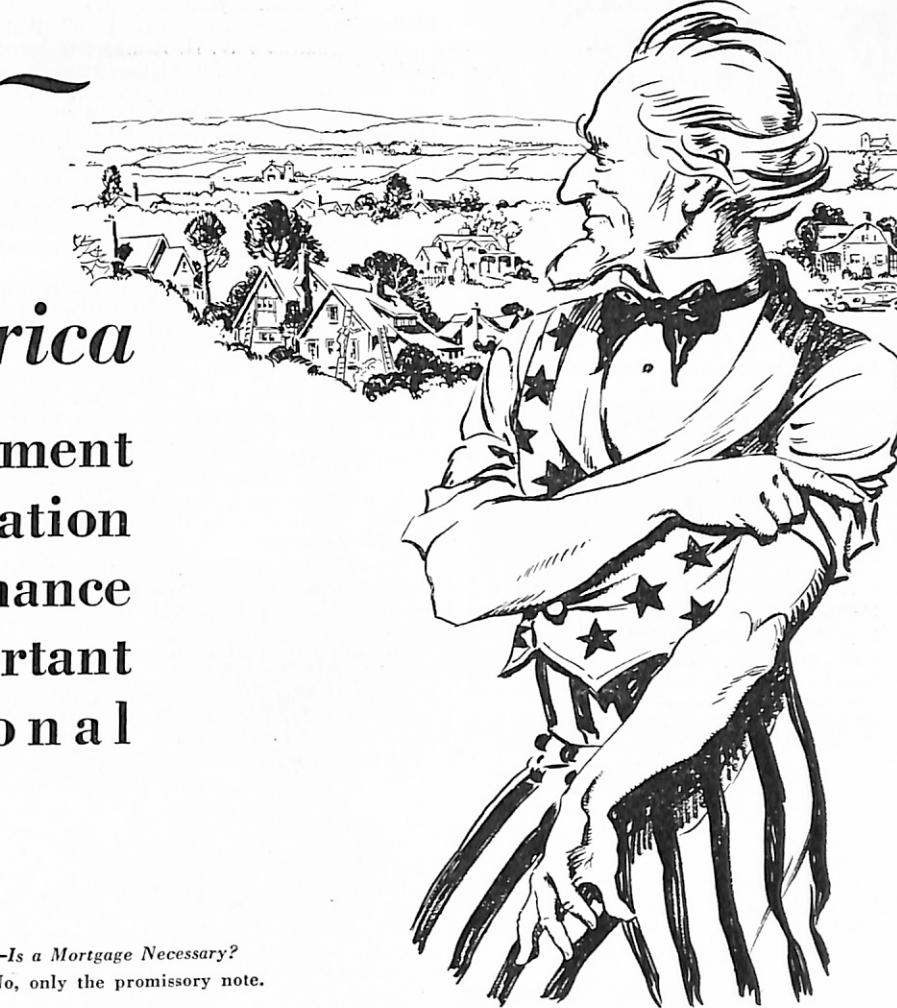
Interest may not be more than \$5 per year per \$100.

15—Can Present Mortgages Be Refinanced?

Yes, plan for such loans to be ready about Oct. 1.

16—Will Labor Benefit?

Direct and indirect benefit to 5,000,000 wage earners is expected to be felt soon, not only in repair and construction, but also in allied industries.



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(Continued from page 29)
affiliated with the Assn. Secy. C. W. Wallace and Chairman W. H. Reinhart reported that the Scholarship Foundation created by the Assn. to help deserving young men and women to secure a college education, was continuing to function successfully, and that there were a number of new applicants to be passed upon before the opening of the college year. The Foundation keeps in touch with the several young men and women who have been helped through their college courses.

The Assn. decided to hold its regular Annual Convention next year at Cedar Point the last week in August. The meeting-place for the Spring meeting will be decided by the State Trustees. Resolutions were adopted by both the State and Past Exalted Rulers Associations to give united support to the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Columbus in 1935.

Dave J. Spaulding, Chairman,
State Assn. Publicity Committee

South Dakota

The 24th Annual Convention of the South Dakota State Elks Assn. was held at Huron on July 1-2-3 with an attendance of approximately 300.

The first day was devoted to golf, kitten-ball, trapshooting and bridge contests. Public opening exercises were held in the evening in the J. W. Campbell Park with several thousand people present, the address of the occasion being delivered by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago. The bands of Watertown and Huron Lodges played during the program, affording much pleasure.

At the first business session in the Huron Convention Hall, with Pres. E. C. McKenzie of Huron presiding, reports of the officers and committees were heard, after which a recess was declared so that the delegates could attend the races at the State Fair Grounds. At 6:30 the Convention Banquet and Dance was held. The speakers included Grand Secretary Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown; former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Dwight E. Campbell of Aberdeen; and M. T. Woods of Sioux Falls, D.D. at that time for South Dakota. P.D.D. George C. Hunt of Huron presided, and several vaudeville acts were presented by various Lodges represented at the Convention.

In the report made by P.D.D. J. Ford

Zietlow, Chairman of the Special Elks Welfare Activity Committee, it was disclosed that the Association will cooperate with the Department of Child Hygiene of the State of South Dakota and assist in the rehabilitation of crippled children. An appropriation was made to help in carrying on the work.

The 1934-35 officers elected and installed are Milton E. Dowdell, of Mitchell, President; E. C. McKenzie, of Huron, 1st Vice-Pres.; Robert B. Meldrum, of Sioux Falls, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Carl H. Nelles, of Madison, re-elected Secy.; M. M. Korte, of Aberdeen, Treas., and M. T. Woods, of Sioux Falls, Trustee.

The most spectacular feature of the Convention was the parade which started at 7:30 P.M. on the last day, winding up at the Athletic Field where, under flood lights, the drum corps and band contests were held. The fine mounted patrol of Aberdeen Lodge made its first public appearance at the Field.

The following Lodges won first place in the tournaments and contests held during the Convention: Ritualistic, Aberdeen; Trapshooting, Huron; Kittenball, Madison; Bridge, Huron; Drill Team, Aberdeen; Drum and Bugle Corps, Huron; Golf, Aberdeen, and Band, Huron.

Carl H. Nelles, State Secy.

Maine

The Maine State Elks Association held an enjoyable and successful convention at Waterville on July 21 and 22, at which Albert C. Jones of Rockland Lodge, was elected President for the coming year, Edward R. Twomey of Portland Lodge was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer, and Romaine J. Marcoux, of Lewiston, was elected Trustee for three years. The other officers are Philip R. Fitzpatrick, Millinocket, First Vice-Pres.; Arthur C. Labbe, Augusta, Second Vice-Pres., and Clarence H. Thying, Sanford, Third Vice-Pres. The new officers were installed by P.D.D. Lester C. Ayer, of Portland Lodge.

The principal speaker was F. Harold Dubord, a member of the host Lodge, who stressed the crippled children work undertaken by the Association last year. Much good has already been accomplished and more is promised.

Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, was reported by Secy. Twomey to be the largest Lodge in the State. The invitation of Rockland Lodge, No. 1008, to hold the 1935 Convention there, was accepted and the officers of

(Continued on page 52)



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- 2 THE MAN WHO BURNED A HOLE IN HIS COAT, *Dana Burnet*
- 3 HIS WILD NOTES, *Octavus Roy Cohen*
- 4 REVEREND PENDLEBURY'S PAST *Richard Connell*
- 5 THE SON OF BEAUTY, *Courtney Ryley Cooper*
- 6 THE PICCOLOMINI PEARLS, *George Creel*
- 7 THERE IS A TIDE, *Elmer Davis*
- 8 THE VICTIM OF AMNESIA, *Arthur Somers Roche*
- 9 THE SLAVE, *Albert Payson Terhune*
- 10 ADVENTURE, *Ben Ames Williams*

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The Elks Baseball Team of Rochester, Minn., Lodge which entered the Elks State Diamond Ball Tournament, taking second place in the league in a final engagement which was won by the Team of Winona Lodge before a crowd of 5,000

(Continued from page 50)

the Lodge were authorized to select the dates.

The annual sessions opened with a dinner, dancing and entertainment. All the events took place in the Home of Waterville Lodge, No. 905. While the business sessions were being held the ladies of the Lodge entertained the visiting ladies with an automobile tour in the course of which they visited the famous Belgrade Lakes.

Edward R. Twomey, Secy.-Treas.

Washington

With representatives from 22 of the 23 member Lodges answering the roll call, one of the finest annual meetings in the history of the Washington State Elks Association was held in Aberdeen on July 19, 20 and 21. Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593, played the role of perfect host from the opening minutes to the close of the event. The Friday morning conferences of secretaries, trustees and officers provided a valuable exchange of ideas.

The outstanding feature of the three-day session was the opening of the meeting on Saturday by the Antlers Lodge of Longview Lodge, No. 1514, followed by the report of Chairman D. M. Simonson of the Antlers Committee of the State Association.

Aberdeen Lodge was awarded the State Trophy for inter-Lodge visitations. On application, Centralia Lodge, No. 1083, was voted to membership in the Association. The invitation of Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186, to hold the mid-winter session in Wenatchee was accepted. Bellingham Lodge, No. 194, was invited to consider the sponsorship of the 1935 Convention, and Walla Walla Lodge, No. 287, made a bid for the annual meeting to be held in 1936. A colorful parade on Saturday, and dancing and festivities in the evening, brought the Convention to a close.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted in the naming of Dwight S. Hawley, of Ballard Lodge, as President. The other officers are First Vice-President, Louis Flieder, Bremerton; Second Vice-President, Emory B. Linsley, Aberdeen; Third Vice-President, H. O. Bohlke, Yakima; Secretary, Earl B. Hunt, Aberdeen; Treasurer, G. Ed. Rothweiler, Bellingham. President Hawley appointed A. L. Remlinger, of Aberdeen, Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Rev. T. A. Hilton, of Seattle, Chaplain.

Dwight S. Hawley, State Pres.

Minnesota

The Thirtieth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association closed at Owatonna on July 31 following a successful three-day meeting which was featured by a thoroughly productive business session and the choosing of John B. Christgau of Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, for the office of President. Other officers elected were Arthur P. Johnson, Hibbing, First Vice-Pres.; Leonard Eriksson, Fergus Falls, Second Vice-Pres.; Leo J. Cronin, Rochester, Third Vice-Pres.; Henry T. Ogdahl, Minneapolis, Treasurer, and Thomas J. Griffith, Minneapolis, John S. Siverts, Hibbing, and Harry E. Boyle, Duluth, Trustees.

It was voted as an economy measure that the office of Secretary be made appointive. Pres. Christgau, following his installation, accordingly announced that he had named Col. W. T. Mollison, of Minneapolis, for the post.

The important contest for the "Gus Ludwig Trophy," a handsome solid silver cup donated as a perpetual trophy, resulted in a victory for the Mankato Lodge Band. Dr. E. W. Senn, Chairman of the Owatonna General Convention Committee, E.R. M. R. Cashman, Secy., Charles L. Kiesner and Roy L. Von Wald, D.D. at the time, were leaders in the effort to "put over" the Convention and the results were most gratifying.

As a result of resolutions adopted and the official report of the Committees on New Membership and Crippled Children, Pres. Christgau plans to call a Fall meeting to outline a general plan of action along the lines recommended by the Convention.

Anthony Pleva,
Convention Correspondent

Connecticut

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Connecticut State Elks Association was held at the Home of Norwich Lodge, No. 430. Chairman William S. Murray, of the Convention Committee, called the meeting to order and welcomed the delegates and guests, numbering about 250, and then introduced Pres. John F. Pickett, who presided. Among the distinguished guests were the Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past Presidents Martin J. Cunningham and Roy R. Powers, and the Hon. Edward G. Moran, Mayor of Norwich.

A feature of the Convention was the presentation by Vice-Pres. William H. Flood of the handsome Ritualistic Cup to the officers of Ansonia Lodge, No. 1269, their victory being the third in succession. Memorial services were held for deceased members. Chaplain Henry M. Bradley, State Senator, rendered the invocation.

The banquet, held immediately after the Convention had officially closed, was attended by nearly all the delegates. P.D.D. Felix P. Callahan, a P.E.R. of the host Lodge, acted as Toastmaster and introduced retiring Pres. Pickett, Pres.-elect Flood, who addressed the guests, and E. Mark Sullivan, who gave a most inspiring talk on the Spirit of Elkdom. In conclusion, the Toastmaster called on First Vice-Pres. George W. Hickey, who presented to Mr. Pickett a bronze plaque in appreciation of his services to the Association. Thermos bottles were presented to the guests by Norwich Lodge.

The officers elected for 1934-35 are: President, William H. Flood, New Haven; First Vice-Pres., George W. Hickey, Willimantic; Second Vice-Pres., William Riether, Waterbury; Secy., Archie J. McCullough, Jr., Derby; Treasurer, John F. McDonough, Bridgeport, and Trustee, Andrew F. McCarthy, New London.

A. J. McCullough, Jr., State Secy.

Virginia

The 25th Annual Convention of the Virginia State Elks Association was held in Portsmouth on August 6 and 7 under the auspices of Portsmouth Lodge No. 82. In attendance were approximately 650, including 140 delegates from the various Lodges comprising the Association.

The opening session began at 10 o'clock Monday morning, being called to order by Pres. J. Grover Mayo, P.E.R. of No. 82. After the invocation by the Rev. William Ambrose Brown, State Chaplain, the assemblage heard eloquent addresses of welcome from Mayor J. Alden Oast and Pres. J. M. Overton of the Chamber of Commerce, and responses by 1st State Vice-Pres. W. N. Perkinson of Danville and 2nd Vice-Pres. Morris L. Masinter of Roanoke. Impressive memorial services followed, after which the executive session was held. A buffet luncheon was served in the banquet hall. A sightseeing tour, taking in the U. S. Navy Yard, was enjoyed, after which Portsmouth Aerie of Eagles entertained with an elaborate crab feast.

The Ritualistic Contest for the David Sholtz Cup at 9 P.M. in the Lodge room was participated in by teams from Roanoke, Alexandria, Newport News and Norfolk Lodges, Roanoke Lodge being the winner for the third time in succession, thus becoming permanent owner of the trophy.

There were elected at the second day's session the following officers for 1934-35: President, W. N. Perkinson, Danville; 1st Vice-Pres., Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. A. Kline, Richmond; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. Camp Abbott, Newport News; Secy., H. E. Dyer, Roanoke, and Treas., Robert D. Peoples, Manchester.

Reports submitted show the Association to be in excellent condition. Gratifying is the steady advance of its work among the tubercular persons of the State, one of the principal activities of the organization. Social features of the Convention were delightful trips on the Elizabeth River and Hampton Roads where luncheon was served aboard ship and there was music and dancing, and to Virginia Beach and other nearby seaside resorts. The Grand Ball at the Lodge Home was the concluding event.

The 26th Annual Convention will be entertained by Charlottesville Lodge No. 389 next June, at which time the members of the Association will attend the National Flag Day Services.

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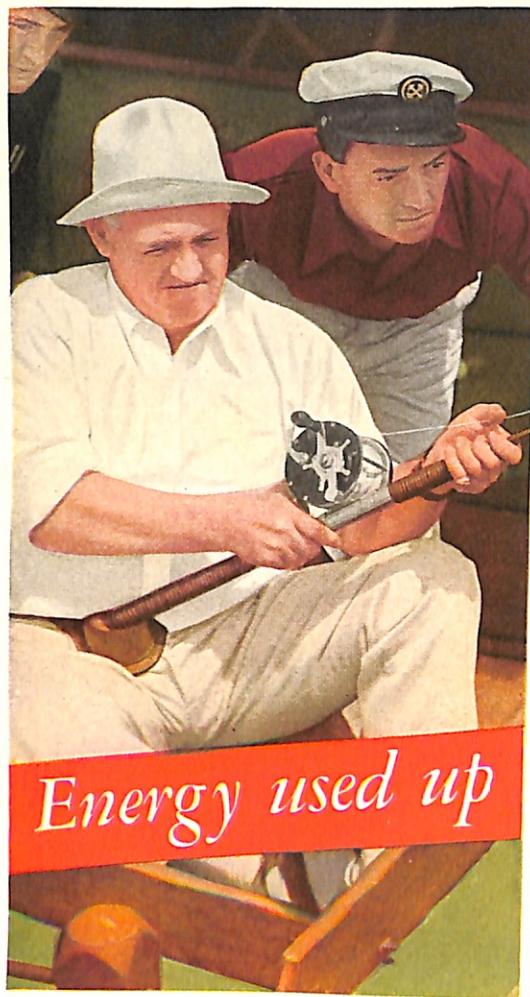


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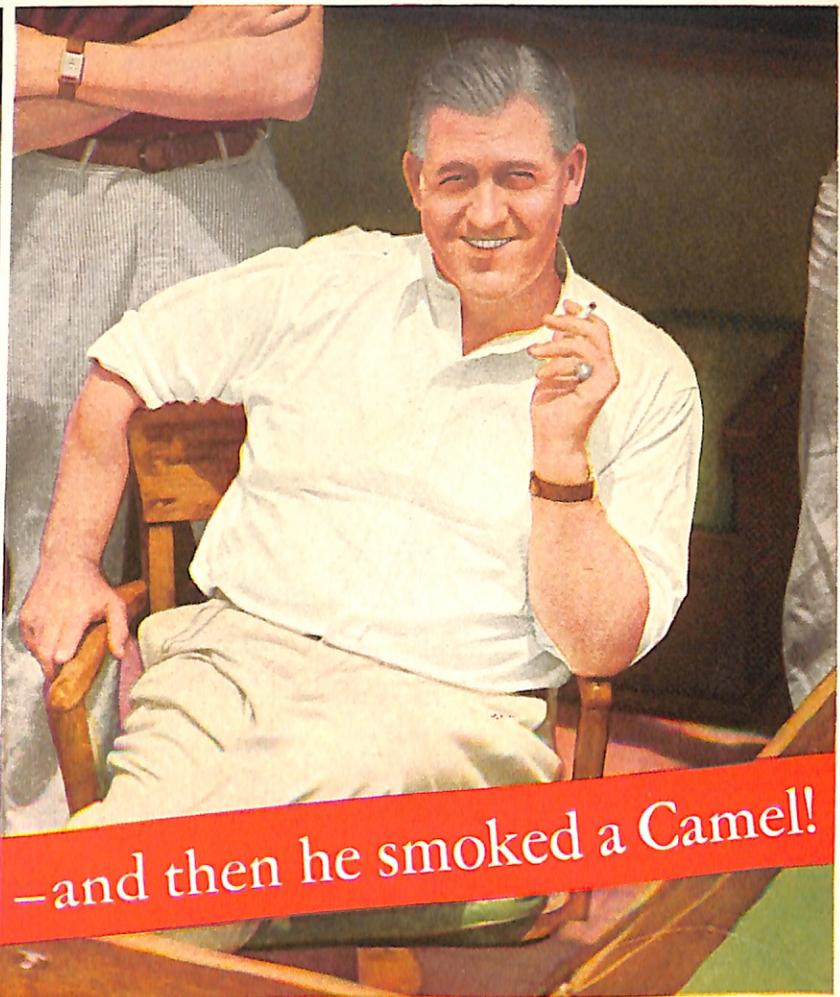
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